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For the victim, more than pity

VICTIM COMPENSATION LAWS ARE A MISSING LINK IN OUR WELFARE SYSTEM

FRANCIS J. FLAHERTY

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. & JOHN GARVEY: **THE ARROGANCE SYNDROME IN FILM & FACT.** JACK HOLLAND: **NORTHERN IRELAND UNDER THATCHER.** BOGUMIL KOSCIESZA: **NISAN 5703.** SAUL MALOFF: **MALAMUD'S LIVES.** KEITH SINZINGER: **CLEVELAND'S URBAN POPULIST.** THOMAS POWERS: **WILL THE P**

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Correspondence

SALT DEBATE: READERS REACT

In our issue of March 2 the question was posed: "Is SALT worth supporting?" No, said Detroit Auxiliary Bishop Thomas J. Gumbleton, president of Pax Christi USA (3000 N. Mango Ave, Chicago, Illinois 60634). Yes, said Father J. Bryan Hehir of the Office of International Justice and Peace, United States Catholic Conference. What follows is a representative selection of the letters received on the subject, with the proportion of pro- and anti-SALT letters printed reflecting the number received.

THE EDITORS

Salt, not SALT

Detroit,Mich.

To the Editors: I was struck by the irony that we Christians who are called to be the salt of the earth, the leaven, must now decide about an entirely different kind of SALT. This SALT may well hasten the leveling of that earth. Bishop Gumbleton has my support in his stand because of my concern for my family and the millions of families who crave peace. I am equally as concerned that we have spent billions of dollars on arms while people crave not only peace, but food and shelter. . . .

I am coming to see, probably reluctantly, that it is time to take a stand on this issue, however unpopular or misunderstood. We need to give witness to the fact that our Christianity compels us to be about the business of making peace not war, by whatever name.

EILEEN J. MURPHY

Suing for non-support

Memphis, Tenn.

To the Editors: Father Brian Hehir's article misstated Pax Christi's position on SALT II.

We are *not* opposing ratification, as are the other groups he mentioned. Rather, as Bishop Gumbleton made clear, Pax Christi's position is simply to refuse to support the treaty.

Non-support is not the same as opposition. Pax Christi will not actively oppose ratification, because we recognize that an arms race channeled along certain lines is at least theoretically a lesser evil than a completely unchecked arms race.

But we cannot support the treaty either. SALT II is based on the mutually assured destruction posture of the Defense Department. Instead of a step toward arms limitation, it actually encourages arms escalation.

Pax Christi's Executive Council made its non-support decision based on our understanding of the church's teachings about the nuclear arms race. We hope we recognize as well as Father Hehir does the political intricacies of the treaty. But we think the country needs a voice apart from politics calling for an end to the MAD-ness fostered by SALT II.

Pax Christi believes that nuclear weapons represent a profound immorality in the contemporary world. We feel that nuclear disarmament, far from weakening the United States,will actually strengthen our country and help it become a more constructive leader among nations.

GERARD A. VANDERHAAR
Chairperson, Executive Council
Pax Christi USA

Disarm out loud

Madison Heights, Mich.

To the Editors: Is SALT II worth supporting? "No." . . . The earth was entrusted to us by the Lord. We should take only what we need and leave it in good shape for those who come after us. What we are actually doing is using up the world's resources on war weapons. We are poisoning and polluting the world, and we may incinerate the world.

What we must do is educate people to the present danger and begin to disarm right out loud, across the board, at the Pentagon, on the front page, for the whole world to see. . . .

VIVIENNE KELL

Dynamic witness

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors: . . . Bryan Hehir states that the terms of the debate are whether SALT II "gives away too much" rather than if "it achieves too little." Why accept these terms? Why not challenge the basic question with a dynamic witness? Christians opposed to nuclear weapons and the vastness of our arsenal can make heard their opposition clearly, forcefully, and frequently enough so that the question of too-little achievement *is* discussed. When many persons raise the specter of insufficient control, when many persons request greater limitation, when many speak to government officials about these inadequacies of SALT II, then the term "achieves too little" will come to the fore. . . Let us not deny what Bishop Gumbleton calls this "moment of grace."

MARGARET M. WEBER

Beyond SALT

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Father Bryan Hehir's support of SALT II seems tactically correct. But it may well involve a faulty pastoral strategy for the church just where there is most need to make clear the church's commitment to peace.

Just war has a claim to be an ecclesial teaching short of questions about nuclear war. At that point, those who are proponents of that tradition and would like to apply it even to nuclear war should be content, just as Hehir recommends sec-

(Continued on page 250)

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TALKING ENERGY AFTER HARRISBURG

THERE is not much bad in President Carter's energy proposal that Congress, on its past record, probably won't make worse. We have our reservations: about the likelihood of gasoline conservation from higher pump prices; about the likelihood of greater production resulting from decontrol; about the likelihood of winning a windfall profits tax from the well-oiled Senate without a stronger quid pro quo stance by the Administration; about the likelihood of avoiding a sharp boost in inflation; and about the likelihood of assisting the poor proportionately for the new burden that higher energy prices place on them. Still, much of the President's plan points in the right direction. And it is, to begin with, a plan of some sort, which deserves to be measured, as it so far has not, not only by assorted criticisms but finally by an alternative. Given that responsibility, we are not ready to join the rush to judgment.

Besides, there is a problem that precedes the specifics of an energy policy, the problem of how Americans, as a citizenry, *think* about the energy issue. Our ability to think and debate energy policy is itself badly afflicted with the mental and analytical analogues of oil spills, air pollution, and nuclear meltdown. The fact that the "unthinkable" occurred at Three Mile Island is one evidence of this state of mind. But so, too, is the fact that at least many opponents of nuclear power would transform Three Mile Island into a Sign from Heaven with no close examination of what the events there actually do or do not demonstrate. So, too, are some of the findings of a new CBS/*New York Times* poll on attitudes toward energy, for example the literally fantastic belief among 42 percent of the respondents that "we can solve the energy crisis in the next five years by making electricity from solar energy." So, too, is the deep and abiding skepticism about any energy proposal whatsoever and about the self-interest motives of all parties to the debates, from politicians to oil executives to nuclear critics, an attitude that breeds suspicion and the conviction of being taken advantage of, with the consequence that saying "no" to any policy becomes more rewarding than advocating even the most equitable allocation of costs and burdens. *The New Republic* is right in calling nuclear energy "a classic illustration of our present political paralysis" and "an important social decision that is not being made." Arguing further, however, that "this is not a decision that any citizen can sensibly make for himself or herself, because the facts are too complicated," that magazine concludes, "It is a decision we must rely on the goverment to make for us." Apart from being an odd note in a journal devoted to democratic values, this conclusion is in any case unworkable. In the wake of Three Mile Island, national leaders have demonstrated an impressive degree of heightened caution combined with a reluctance to jump to any unqualified anti-nuclear stance. Yet no carefully modulated muclear policy—or oil policy—will evolve without widespread understanding among the citizens. So it goes with democracy.

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Our own suggestions for improving public analysis and debate of the energy issue start with the notion of *responsibility*. To advocate one position or criticize another entails the responsibility of spelling out the consequences, unfavorable as well as favorable, of one's own stance, to the greatest degree possible. If one opposes nuclear energy, then does one propose America generate electricity with coal, or cut down the amount of electricity we use altogether? If the latter, how is it to be accomplished? And how is the decrease to be concentrated on "TV sets and hair driers," to use John Garvey's image (page 232) for essentially frivolous uses, rather than on the obviously more essential and serious needs for power? If we are to rely on coal (as two-thirds of the public evidently prefers), are we willing to pay the cost in increased deaths from mining accidents and black lung disease? Are we willing to pay the costs—in higher rates and environmental loss—of minimizing these dangers through greater safety standards and increased strip mining? Are we willing to undergo the increased incidence of suffering and death from pollution-caused respiratory disease in the elderly and the young, and the effects of "acid rain" caused by coal burning emissions on our bodies of water, or even the increased radiation that coal power itself produces? Are we willing to contemplate, parallel with the possibility of nuclear energy catastrophes, the so-called "greenhouse effect," in which extensive burning of fossil fuel may increase the temperature of the atmosphere and bring about disastrous climatic change? These are not rhetorical questions, intended to imply that nuclear energy is the safest choice. As Three Mile Island makes clear, the same kind of questions rest heavily on nuclear advocates. The only point is that responsible discussants cannot avoid giving their answers to such lines of inquiry.

What else might reinforce responsible discussion?

- A thoughtful attention to the dimensions of risk. Common sense tells people that life is full of dangers, about which they are, in fact, often remarkably blasé. An airplane is almost miraculously saved from crashing, and shortly after the emergency landing most passengers reembark to complete their journey. Leakage of toxic chemicals causes thousands to flee their homes. Tornados and floods devastate towns. People know these things—and yet can swing back to demand the impossible in the way of risk-free energy, or carcinogenic-free environment, and then, disappointed, swing again to a mood of resignation. There is no service in citing "background risks" in such a manner as simply to dull sensitivities to additional dangers. On the other hand, there is no service in citing sensational statistics without any context. Habits of comparison ought to be fostered.
- Careful quantification whenever possible. Deaths and disease per 1,000 megawatts of electricity produced by different energy sources can be calculated and compared, for example. So can all sorts of risks. Such calculations are always debatable—they rest on factual assumptions and even political or economic presuppositions—but the effort to make, and correct, them does bring order to the debate. It limits sensational claims—that we are running out of energy, poisoning the earth, mortgaging our future to the Arabs, etc.
- Respect for the unquantifiable. There is wisdom in those perceptions—of the limits of humans to cope with complexity, for instance, or of the preferability of familiar dangers to new ones—that should not be ruled out of court by an overly "rational" analysis.
- Less concentration on the real or imagined flaws of one's adversaries. Proponents of nuclear energy have recently been unable to make their case without launching into florid sociological and ideological analyses of the anti-nuclear movement, explaining it as an anti-industrial religion, outdoors relief for unemployed anti-Vietnam demonstrators, a Soviet Trojan horse, a means by which the supercilious rich defend their privileges at the expense of the poor. The emotion and even contempt generated by this admixture of truth and fantasy surely has something to do with the cavalier dismissal by these proponents of criticisms that have now proved cogent. The anti-nuclear movement, however, has played the game of stereotypes no less vigorously. Nuclear energy has been lumped with nuclear weaponry; government bureaucrats and utilities companies tarred with whatever popular image was handy. The oil companies denounce their critics as opponents of freedom; some critics of capitalism attribute all energy problems to Big Business (as though many of the same dilemmas haven't faced socialist governments in Sweden, Germany, Britain and elsewhere). Everyone jumps on the "sheiks."
- Willingness to entertain proposals that go beyond the market framework and the established patterns of corporate and government power. The market as an instrument of allocating resources and the oil industry as a reservoir of productive potential (as well as a formidable political presence) are realities not to be dismissed. But so far, and for obvious political reasons, there has been almost total deference to the industry-government alliance that has brought us to our current impasse in energy policy. Despite oil company squeals to the contrary, the President's carrot and stick (decontrol and a windfall profits tax) plus his shopping list of minor measures do not break out of this old, not-so-reliable framework. Perhaps Three Mile Island might teach us the usefulness of some zero-based thinking.

There's more to be said on energy policy. When we say it, maybe we'll even follow our own guidelines.

THE IRISH SCENE

On St. Patrick's Day last year, the big four of Irish-American politics—Senator Edward Kennedy, House Speaker Tip O'Neill, Governor Hugh Carey and Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York—took a great deal of heat for deploring Irish-American financial aid for the Provisional IRA without criticizing British conduct in Northern Ireland. They learned their lesson, and this year they and a number of other Irish-American politicians repaired the omission. Noting that a solution in Northern Ireland is no closer today than it was a

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COMING: Lawrence S. Cunningham writes on Wallace Stevens as "theologian of secularity;" Sally Cunneen writes on Iris Murdoch.

John Jay Hughes reflects on the American Catholic church's need for leadership.

NEXT ISSUE: Spring Books.

year ago, they charged Britain with either negligence or acquiescence in the torture of Irish prisoners by Northern Irish police. They further charged that Protestant leaders in the North were blocking negotiations by "intransigence" and that Britain was encouraging them in this course. "If the Protestant majority persists in its unwillingness to entertain reasonable proposals for sharing power with the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland as a part of the United Kingdom," they said, Britain should consider the unification of Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic. Finally, the silence on the subject in Great Britain should end, and the issue of Northern Ireland should be debated in the coming British elections.

Writing on the subject of Northern Ireland and the British elsewhere in this issue, Jack Holland predicts a Conservative victory in those elections, and he notes that at least some Irish Republican terrorists look forward to a Conservative success. It is ironic that the Protestant Ulster Unionists played a crucial role when the British Labor party lost the 311-310 vote of confidence that led to the coming election; acting on party orders, eight Ulster Unionists helped to give the Conservatives their narrow margin of victory.

Until recently, an increasing measure of quiet had prevailed in Ulster, with deaths from terrorism decreasing each year. Britain's secretary for Northern Ireland Roy Mason even declared, "Normality is gradually returning to the province," and as an indication of that the number of British troops has been reduced from 21,000 in 1972 to 13,000 today. Many security duties have been shifted from the British army to the Ulster police, and the security barriers around downtown shopping districts have been removed in many places. In the last few months, however, violence by the Provisional IRA aimed at driving the British out of Northern Ireland has escalated once more. Recently 31 bombs were exploded in a single night in 17 different Northern Ireland communities, and one British ambassador and one British M.P. have been assassinated. Furthermore, IRA terrorism is matched by increasing discontent among moderate Ulster Catholic leaders. They see no movement at all toward increased representation for Catholics in the British parliament and no progress toward minority inclusion in any future government of Northern Ireland.

Given this background, two things are needed immediately: first, a target date announced by the British government for the total withdrawal of their troops, in order to encourage the majority in Ulster to be open to new solutions, such as Mr. Garret FitzGerald's recent and carefully worked out proposal of a federal Ireland linking North and South; secondly, British pressure on the Protestant majority to share power with the Catholic minority. One big stumbling block in the way of these objectives is and has long been the reluctance of both the Conservative and the Labor party to take such decisive action because each lusts after the votes of the Protestant Ulster Unionists in parliament. If some Irish Republicans want a Conservative victory to heighten tensions in Northern Ireland, therefore, what many Catholic moderates desire most is a clear-cut victory for one side or the other, so that the votes of the Ulster Unionists are not needed by either party for political survival. Correspondingly, what moderates in Northern Ireland dread is a close outcome to the election, one that would again place a premium on these same Ulster Unionist votes. In short, as many moderates see it, a close election in Great Britain next month is likely to mean an indefinite continuation of the present totally unsatisfactory state of affairs in Northern Ireland.

Report from Cleveland

URBAN POPULIST

OWN THEM, OR THEY'LL OWN YOU

TWO DAYS after Clevelanders voted to retain the city's light system and increase their income taxes, Mayor Dennis J. Kucinich laid a wreath of thanksgiving at the Public Square statue of Tom L. Johnson.

The gesture was no surprise. It typified Kucinich's identification with the self-styled "People's Choice" mayor of the early 1900s. Johnson started "Muny Light" when Cleveland was in the spotlight of progressivism and called the best governed city in the nation by Lincoln Steffens; Kucinich led the drive to retain its public ownership. The victory they shared that day—the fourth in elections for Kucinich in less than two years—turns the spotlight back. "If you do not own them, they in time will own you," said Johnson of public service monopolies. So says Kucinich.

In 16 months as mayor of Ohio's largest city, Kucinich has dedicated his administration to an experiment in urban government, a "national political laboratory" aimed at the abolition of business privilege. In the name of "poor and working-class people," he has waged a constant attack on the entrenched business, political and media interests.

Reaction to his "new urban populism" has been swift, concentrated and fierce. Amid bitter name-calling and brinksmanship politics came last summer's close recall vote and the city's default in December. Now, there is the threat of state financial takeover.

As with the progressives of three generations ago, there has developed an intensely moralistic, almost religious political fervor while the conflict between public and private interests has escalated. But so far, the political parties, local media and

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other community leaders have watched their strength wane as efforts to contain the uncompromising mayor have failed.

"The corporate state is basically amoral," Kucinich declares. "It attempts to equate political and economic progress with technological progression, and it sets up as its Golden Mean what is good for the growth of the system, regardless of the impact on people."

Results of the Feb. 27 referendum, which raised the city income tax to a modest 1.5 percent and kept the debt-ridden light system, have buoyed Kucinich in what now becomes a fight for fiscal solvency and home rule in the city of 640,000. It is noteworthy that the additional half percent tax—which had almost universal support—is the first voted increase since 1968 and a reversal of Kucinich's earlier pledge against new taxes. Even when the separately-run school system ran out of money last year, voters declined a new tax. The dicisive issue last month, however, was Muny Light.

As economic reform is the keystone of Kucinich's governance policy, Muny Light is its beacon. Until recently an electric generating system, it is now power distributor for about 45,000 customers—roughly 20 percent of the city. In his 1977 mayoral campaign, Kucinich made the plant his watchword, pledging to stop its sale to the investor-owned Cleveland Electric Illuminating Co. The $158.5 million, no-interest, 30-year payment plan arranged by then-Mayor Ralph J. Perk would have ended major competition to the private utility in a 1,700 square mile area. It also would have dismissed the city's $330 million anti-trust suit against CEI, previously found in violation by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

The city's default December 15 gave credence to the Kucinich charge that corporate interests were conspiring to run the city, take Muny Light and destroy him in the process. Had the mayor conceded his primary position and agreed to sell the plant, the banks likely would have refinanced the $14 million in notes and averted the crisis in a spirit of cooperation. There are conflicting reports whether such a backroom deal was offered by Cleveland Trust, the state's largest bank with $5 billion in assets and leader in the move against the mayor on default night. A recent Federal Reserve Board report cleared the bank of alleged collusion with CEI, but Justice Department and congressional committee investigations, requested by Kucinich and Ralph Nader, are pending. Cleveland Trust holds CEI stock and also shares directors with the utility.

While the income tax and Muny Light sale issues went to the ballot as results of the default, the business community threw its support strongly behind the light plant sale, to the extent of holding secret meetings at the exclusive Union Club. Warned one banker: "Unless cooperation and encouragement replace populism and confrontation, business will not be able to attain the economic growth necessary to contribute to the prosperity of all who live here." City Council President George L. Forbes, long the agenda-setter in governance, and Democratic Party leadership supported the sale, as did the two daily newspapers.

In the face of this and early odds that voters would sell the plant, momentum shifted. About half of the all-Democrat council broke with the leadership. So did the popular Congressman Louis Stokes, brother of former Mayor Carl Stokes and the only local political leader who can rival Forbes's status in the black community. Even those who had supported his recall backed Kucinich on Muny Light.

The election outcome demonstrates a growing reluctance, if not a defiant refusal, by voters to accept the corporate ideal of what is "best" for the city. "For the first time, the people of a beleaguered city said 'No' to corporate power seeking to rule," Kucinich said on election night. He said later: "I see the victories and the defeats as transitory, but the commitment is a constant."

This commitment, the urban populist platform, is traced by Kucinich to the writings of Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine as well as Lincoln, Roosevelt, the muckrakers and Henry George, among others. Planks include: fighting new power plant (especially nuclear) construction and rate hikes ("I see them as regressive taxes."); eliminating tax abatement incentives; bolstering consumer advocacy through a special city office; directing community development funds from downtown to neighborhoods and greater efficiency in government. Kucinich says he is preparing cases against major polluters in the city and plans to propose major reforms for use of pension funds in urban economic development.

But the roadblocks to such programs have been many and, as Kucinich attempts to lead the city from default and keep his office in November, they present an uphill climb. His civilian police chief and recent reform of that department face court challenges, as does administration of federal block grant

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Daniel Burke

The Bear

I knew for sure
this was his land
pathless and ruthless
knew more surely
that I must see him
must look at him.

Rumors of his passing
rang in the green gloom
the wisdom of guides
fell like the crashing tree
the hungers' ruckus
whimpered out.

Then I learned to seek him
alone and stripped
knew that he had seen me
that a whisper of his courage
would be enough
that he would save me
from himself.

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funds. In Columbus, Gov. James ("Profit is not a dirty word in Ohio") Rhodes is proposing a nine-member panel to oversee city finances. At City Hall, critics are charging the city will pile up a $102 million debt by year's end, which Kucinich says is contrived. It's not the first time the odds have been against him, and possibly not the last.

He inherited a city built on years of neglect. The sinking ship had been kept afloat by disposal of ballast—city assets like transit and sewer systems, the port, hospital and zoo—as the tax base shrank and the population fled. There were unauditable books, misspent bond funds, deteriorating facilities. And Kucinich entered his office with no backlog of favors due; his headline-grabbing style had broken too many political rules.

"We're trying to lay the groundwork for the development of an economic democracy—a pre-condition of political democracy," says Kucinich, who overcame both the Republican incumbent and the Democrat-endorsed candidate to win his office, which now boasts of four women and four blacks (one is both) in a cabinet of 13.

"I think that the city is one of the single most important units of a democratic society. As soon as a city gives up its independence and becomes a ward of the state, or of the federal government, it runs the risk of destroying the sense of community. And it invites the hazard of control by nameless, faceless bureaucrats working at the behest of special interest groups."

Despite the confrontations which leave the city on the brink of bankruptcy, the 32-year-old mayor has no misgivings, he says. "I believe in living without regret. I spend time in reflection but not in regret. As long as people are being cheated out of government resources, out of their opportunities to gain a fair place in their economy—we're going to keep fighting."

KEITH A. SINZINGER

(Keith A. Sinzinger is a journalist who has lived most of his life in Cleveland.)

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

ARROGANCE SYNDROME

WATCHING THE EXPERTS MELT DOWN

"AFTER ENIWETOK was made part of the vast Pacific trusteeship of the United States, the 136 inhabitants were removed from their atoll and taken to Ujelang Atoll, 124 miles to the southwest. For the following decade, beginning in 1948, the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of Defense proceeded to rock the atoll with a violence never before seen on earth, setting off forty-three nuclear explosions consisting of both atomic and hydrogen bombs. Some of the enormous craters can still be seen on and around the islands, and traces of the radioactivity loosed during the tests are still detectable in leftover debris, soil, animals, plants, and lagoon bottom material." (*The Blue Reef*, Walter Starck and Alan Anderson, Jr., Knopf, 1978)

The other night I watched a government official, an expert on nuclear power, face the press with the expression of amused irritation you see so often on the faces of politicians caught with their hands in the till, and other wise criminals. They hope to give the impression that there is something here you don't understand, but they will tolerate your ignorance; it is a perverse sort of *noblesse oblige*. The expert was explaining why the accident at the Three Mile Island nuclear power plant, near Harrisburg, was nothing to worry about, maybe, and why the same experts who knew that nothing could go very wrong were still the best people to make decisions about nuclear energy.

Several issues ago *National Review* devoted an issue to nuclear energy, why we need it, and why environmentalists are wrong to oppose it. In a wonderfully timed April 2nd *Newsweek* column George Will fumed about the motives of the people who made *The China Syndrome*, a movie which in his opinion drastically misrepresented the safe nuclear power industry. Will is one of the best columnists in the country, but like most conservatives he gets all stupid around this issue. He points out, for example, that you stand more risk of getting cancer by being near a smoker than you do by being near a nuclear power plant. Other advocates of nuclear power are fond of similar beside-the-point arguments: coal mining is also unsafe for miners, coal pollutes, coal is lightly radioactive, etc. What they all avoid is the point which Three Mile Island may now help to make clear. No one in the anti-nuclear energy movement ever denied that people get hurt in other industries, or that other forms of energy production pollute. What they do point out is simple: a disaster in a coal mine is tragic, but it doesn't hang around to cause cancer and genetic damage. We know what a cave-in does: it crushes and kills. But we simply do not know what radiation does over the long haul, or the genetic effect of high levels of radiation. A disaster involving nuclear power makes other potential disasters look small.

The nuclear industry and its government backers have asked for a degree of trust which no one with that scary sort of power deserves. I was talking once with an atomic engineer who was sure that nuclear power was "the wave of the future, the only way to go." Did they have, I asked him, a way of safely disposing of plutonium wastes, which are not only highly radioactive but have a half-life of tens of thousands of years? He admitted they didn't. "We're working on it, though," he said. "We'll find a way."

In other words, trust us. We're experts.

Like so many other experts, the people who have risen up to defend the use of this most dangerous and least understood

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form of energy have evolved a jargon all their own. One of them said that the Three Mile Island accident was nothing to worry about, not critical; it was, however, "a continuing incident." Like Nixon's "incursion" into Cambodia, like the Pentagon's "protective reaction strike," this language is meant not to inform but to distract.

Nuclear energy advocates speak easily of "acceptable radiation levels." But no acceptable radiation level has been established, though it is understood that the more radiation there is, the more danger there is. The history of our involvement with radiation tells us that we know less every year about these things. All those x-rays weren't good for us, we learn later. Atomic testing is responsible for a higher incidence of leukemia in areas close to the test sites. The experts knew, back when they were dropping the first bombs, that there was nothing dangerous going on. On *Meet the Press* the head of Gulf Oil, which has a heavy involvement in nuclear power, said that the real problem at Three Mile Island was the overreaction it had caused. Perhaps increased cancer rates really are required to keep our TV sets and hair driers going, but before we accept blindly the necessity of dying slowly from the bad ideas of board chairmen we might use the opportunity this accident offers, and reflect on the arrogance of our leaders.

The development of atomic power was marked with arrogance from the start. Harry Truman bragged that he didn't lose any sleep over Hiroshima. That set the tone. The consequences of our actions didn't matter so much as the fact that we were capable of doing such grand things, and therefore should do them. Manipulation came into its own during World War II. After the war our exultation over Hiroshima's obliteration led us to displace native populations in the Pacific so that we could see what bombs could do to land they held holy. Parts of the Bikini and Eniwetok atolls are still so hot they are considered unsafe, decades later, for human habitation. The people of Bikini were allowed to return there, and then they were moved off again. On second thought, the experts decided that the atoll wasn't healthy after all.

It is true that a dropped bomb and a melt-down have very different effects, but in one important respect they are similar. Both involve the release of dangerously high levels of radiation, and the one thing we do know about radiation is that at high levels it kills people. Racism was certainly involved in our treatment of the people of Eniwetok and Bikini; it is impossible to imagine our government evacuating Sioux City or Phoenix in order to bomb it, just to see what bombing will do. Maybe in that one respect the Three Mile Island accident is a sign of how far we have come: now we play around with the lives and futures of our own people too. But of course this was an accident. It wasn't intended.

And that is the point. The experts with a stake in nuclear power waved aside all criticism; they knew what was good for us. Before the Pennsylvania accident Jimmy Carter was about to come out with a strong defense of nuclear energy. He delayed his energy address for other reasons, and then the accident happened. Lucky for him he wasn't caught in that trap—but how strange it is for us to be led by people like Carter and the head of Gulf Oil and the experts who were sure that things like this could never happen. Now we have another reason not to trust them, one more example of why it would be an extremely wicked thing to restore the faith of the people in their leaders.

JOHN GARVEY

Of several minds: *Thomas Powers*

A CHANCE FOR THE P.L.O.

HAVE THE PALESTINIANS LEARNED ANYTHING?

WHAT PALESTINIANS? Golda Meir used to say. There aren't any Palestinians, only Arabs.

But of course there are Palestinians, and they managed to block Arab recognition of Israel for more than 30 years, until Egypt finally grew weary of the impasse. When the Palestinian Liberation Organization refused to join the Israeli-Egyptian negotiations last year, Zbigniew Bzrezinski suggested they had been guilty of an historic error. "Bye bye, PLO," he said in a phrase quoted with grim satisfaction at every public opportunity by Yassir Arafat, most recently when the PLO took over the former Israeli embassy in Teheran.

The Palestinians have proved themselves extraordinarily adept at political agitation. As a military organization the PLO is negligible. The kids who carry the Kalashnikovs in southern Lebanon talk about marching into Israel and reconquering the orange groves of their grandparents, but nothing of the sort is ever going to happen and Arafat knows it. The PLO's army of 15,000 erratically trained men is a symbol of resistance, and a major cause of instability in Lebanon, but it is no match for the Israeli Defense Forces. Terrorist raids are virtually suicide missions, which is why they are so infrequent. There are more Palestinians than there are Israelis, and they are just about as highly educated (despite their image as sullen refugees in UN tent cities), but to build an army you need a country, and this, of course, is precisely what the Palestinians notably lack. It is political agitation which has managed to keep the Palestinian cause alive, not military skill.

The weakness of the Palestinians has been their dependence on big brother. They were too divided to resist Jewish settler groups in the 1920s and 1930s, too intransigent to accept the state offered them by the UN in 1947, too weak to prevent their expulsion in 1948. They depended on the British until the British sailed away, and they have depended on the rest of the Arab world ever since. Syria, Jordan and Egypt have fought the Palestinians' war, not the Palestinians. They exert a strong moral claim on the conscience of the Arab world, and have kept their cause at the forefront of Arab politics, but they have never been able to

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devise a strategy which did not ultimately require somebody else to win their war for them. Now Egypt has finally declined the honor of championing this cause and the PLO must find a new big brother, or change its strategy.

At the moment the Arab world seems united in its hostility toward the Israeli-Egyptian treaty, and determined to continue the military confrontation with Israel. This looks more dangerous than it is, for the simple reason that Israel is strong, and the rest of the Arab world too divided and too far away. On paper a Syrian-Iraqi joint army looks formidable, but its only access to Israel is along a 50-mile front on the Golan Heights, and war would probably strain unity. A moment always seems to arrive in such situations when the Syrians invite the Iraqis to take that heavily defended hill over there while the Syrians police up the rear. An attempt to extend the front to Southern Lebanon would probably cost Lebanon its territory south of the Litani River, and it is unlikely that Jordan, a small, weak country, would offer herself as a staging area. The Arab countries shy away from negotiation with Israel for political reasons, not because war offers a brighter prospect of success.

The implication of this fact is that big brother cannot deliver. The PLO will always have friends in high places—generally the more friends, the farther from Israel—and money enough to cover Arafat's travel budget, but it has lost its old hope of marching back into Israel in the wake of a conquering army. Even if political intrigue overthrew Sadat, and the treaty, the Arab world would simply have returned to square one, which never offered anything better than military stalemate. Does this mean that Bzrezinski was right, and the PLO is finished? Is Arafat condemned to an old age trooping about the globe in his kaffiyeh, somewhere near the bottom of the list of speakers at Third World solidarity conferences?

Not necessarily. Looked at from one point of view the PLO has never been in a stronger position than it is right now. Nothing of substance stands in the way of a West Bank state, but taking advantage of the moment will require the PLO to do four things it has always shrunk from in the past: abandon its dependence on big brother's military muscle, renounce terrorism, close with Israel in a direct political contest, and publicly adopt as its goal a West Bank state which would live in peace with Israel.

It is hard to exaggerate the degree to which all four would offend Palestinian pride. The Palestinians are true exiles, obsessed with their land of origin, the justice of their claim, the longing for revenge, vindication and return. They don't really want a West Bank state, but to redeem their humiliation and undo the history of 30 years. To renounce their claim to the whole of British mandate Palestine would involve a kind of spiritual suicide, a loss of the identity they have forged from despair in exile. Terrorism is an expression of hate; a switch to political struggle would imply resignation to the fact of Israel, surrender of the dream of return. The West Bank, much of it a barren wilderness, is only a beggar's remnant of the land the Palestinians claim is theirs. They may not be able to win, but they are secure in exile and do not have to accept defeat.

Palestinian irredentism is strong; it explains their intransigence in the past, and why they will probably go on pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp in the future. But if they could bring themselves to renounce the dream, they could use the Israeli-Egyptian treaty to win a true West Bank state.

This would not be easy, of course. Israel is quite firm in its opposition to an independent West Bank state, especially one controlled by the PLO. For one thing, the Israelis share a liking for an Israel including Judea and Samaria. It would have sensible borders and relieve the anxiety of Tel Aviv, isolated and exposed in the narrow coastal plain connecting the two bulky halves of Israel. But more importantly, Israel fears a Palestinian state which might renounce its claims on paper, but would never surrender the hostility in its heart.

But all the same, the Palestinians could get what they want for the reason that autonomy logically implies independence, just as independence implies sovereignty. For genuine autonomy, which Israel has conceded in principle in advance, the residents of the West Bank must have the right to pass laws, establish social services and levy taxes to support them. These are powerful weapons. Protected by Arab courts and Arab police, the citizens of the West Bank would gain those political rights of organization and agitation denied them under the Israeli occupation. Arab universities would have the right to offer the courses they liked, hire the teachers they liked, invite the speakers they liked. An Arab parliament could determine which day was to be the Sabbath, could plan economic development and exercise the zoning authority which would direct it. Residual Israeli authorities would doubtless collide with their Arab counterparts but at every point of collision the Arabs might assert the right of self-determination, supported by the Arab population and watched by the world press. The Israelis might insist that Jewish settlements remain, but they would find themselves islands in an Arab sea. The fact is that Arabs would outnumber the Jews by a huge proportion, and would gradually weld bits of autonomy into a swelling de facto independence, which the Israelis would eventually have to recognize formally. The process would not be easy, and it would not be quick, but it would be far more certain than the vain hoping in exile which has served for a strategy for three decades.

So far no Palestinian spokesman has suggested doing anything of the kind. They have been united in their denunciation of the Israeli-Egyptian treaty, just as they uniformly denounced the UN partition proposed in 1947. History and the published remarks of Yassir Arafat suggest the Palestinians will lose the present opportunity, just as they have lost every other since the first Jewish settlers arrived in the 1880s. A failure to establish a West Bank state will of course be blamed on Israel, but the fault will lie more fairly with the Palestinians for their refusal to struggle politically for what they want. History has taught Israel the virtues of patience and self-reliance, but it does not appear to have taught the Palestinians anything.

THOMAS POWERS

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COMPENSATION LAWS: LAST GAP IN OUR WELFARE SYSTEM

For the victim, more than pity

FRANCIS J. FLAHERTY

TWO MEN assaulted and blinded a middle-aged man in London in 1951. Awarding the victim 11,500 pounds in damages, a British court ordered each of the two assailants to reimburse the blind man at the rate of five shillings a week. British penal reformer Margery Fry made an outraged calculation: "The victim," she wrote, "will need to live another 442 years to collect the last installment. A bitter mockery! Have we no better help to offer the victims of violent crime?"

From Ms. Fry's outrage the victim-compensation movement emerged. It has spread throughout Europe and the Commonwealth, and, more recently, throughout much of the United States. It takes various forms—compensation from general public funds for lost wages and medical expenses, for example, or restitution programs by which the offender repays the person he has mugged or burgled—but common to all is the conviction that the criminal-justice system offers no justice for the criminal's victim.

That conviction is gaining great strength in the United States. "Pro-victim" criminologists have applauded these developments of the year 1978:

—In February, the Supreme Court declared constitutional the practice of requiring youthful offenders to make reparations to their victims as a condition of probation.

—The Michigan Legislature passed a law last spring making parents financially liable for acts of vandalism committed by their childen.

—In the "Berkowitz law," the New York State Legislature prohibited convicts from profiting from the sale of their life stories to media moguls before the victims of that offender's crime were recompensed.

—After several unsuccessful tries, Congressman Peter Rodino (D-N.J.) pushed through the House of Representatives a bill to provide matching funds for those states which have crime-victim compensation boards.

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The idea of compensation is as old as the Code of Hammurabi. For most of history, the state has merely been an intermediary between victim and offender; not until Norman England did the focus of criminal justice shift from victim compensation to the modern notion that a crime is primarily an offense against the state. Ancient laws often specified the rates of compensation: Hammurabi decreed that a thief of transported goods must pay his victim five times their value, and in ancient Rome a thief caught *in flagrante* paid double the value of the almost-stolen goods.

Some criminologists point to this tradition and aver that the most basic duty of the state is to protect the lives and property of its citizens. Victim compensation, in this view, is the most basic and deserved form of welfare because the victim's need has arisen from a fundamental failure of the state. "The government lavishes money on the victims of natural disasters," says Mr. Rodino. "Why can't we help the victims of violent crime too?"

If the House and the Senate (whose frequently-passed victim-compensation bills have died because of House inaction) can hammer out a compromise compensation bill—and the prospects are very good—then the federal budget for 1980 will provide matching funds of approximately 25 percent for the thirty states which have established crime-victim compensation boards. Eleven more states have drafted the appropriate legislation, and are only awaiting passage of the federal law.

The state laws and pending federal bills are very similar. Their scope is remarkably narrow: they provide compensation only for lost wages and medical expenses for innocent victims of violent crimes. No property losses, from violent or nonviolent crimes, are compensable. Funds will be disbursed only if the victim cooperates fully with law enforcement agencies, and only if his losses are uncollectable from such sources as medicare, medicaid, insurance policies, or civil suits. Most states, regardless of the damages the victim has suffered, place a ceiling on claims; the New Jersey Violent Crime Compensation Board has a $10,000 limit, for example. Other states place limits on specific disbursements, such as funeral expenses. Most of these laws have numerous safeguards against fraud,

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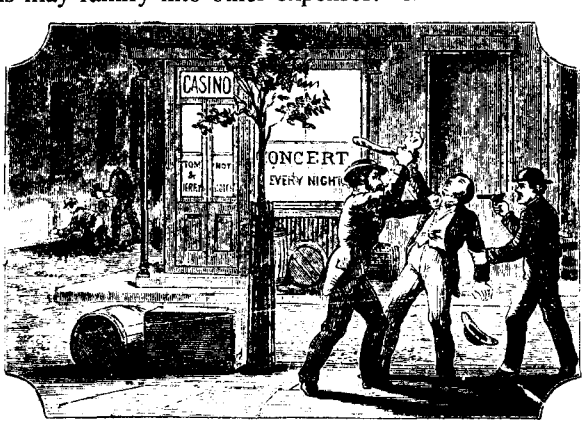
and many have procedures to insure that the victim is truly innocent.

FEDERAL matching funds are needed if the state compensation boards are to minister effectively to these rather stringently-defined needs of violent-crime victims. Most state boards are poorly staffed and budgeted. Backlogs of a year are not uncommon, and the New Jersey board, for example, must dole out its $900,000 budget for claims which are expected to reach $2 million by next year. If the general public were more aware of these compensation programs, the disparity between funds and needs would be even greater. J. L. Barkas, whose recent *Victims* sheds much light on the neglect of crime victims in America, notes that, in 1975, "in seven major states with compensation programs, there were 400,000 victims of violent crime. Only 3,500 were given compensation."

Bare-bones compensation laws such as these will, if adequately financed, fill a large gap in the nation's welfare system, although many conservatives who back these laws would balk at that terminology. But this *is* a basic welfare issue: most of the victims of violent crime—as well as most of the perpetrators—are poor. The majority of those victims earn less than $10,000 a year. The FBI reports that the poor and the unemployed are the most likely victims of violent crime. Poor people are not likely to have crime insurance. They are likely to forgo income if they are absent from work. The medicare and medicaid programs upon which they rely often do not cover the extended and expensive medical and psychiatric care which frequently accompanies such crimes as rape or severe assault. Nor can the poor afford lengthy civil suits against their offenders, whose probable poverty renders them "judgment-proof"—immune from damages—anyway. Despite the crisscross of welfare programs in this country, most violent-crime victims have no recourse but their own slim pocketbooks. (In at least nine states, fat pocketbooks are ineligible for compensation: financial need must be proved before funds are disbursed.)

And the expenses for the victim can be enormous. Aside from costly treatment of physical injury, many victims endure chronic psychiatric problems which may require expensive therapy and may impair learning power. Paranoia, insecurity and depression often linger long after the crime. These problems may ramify into other expenses: violent-crime victims frequently move to another town after the crime, often sacrificing good jobs and incurring great expense. Their lives may become severely and expensively circumscribed.



They are clearly deserving candidates for public funds, whether one reasons from a welfare philosophy or from the social contract view that the state, having failed to protect these people, has incurred a debt to them. "The logical way of providing for criminally-inflicted injuries would be to tax every adult citizen . . . to cover a risk to which each is exposed," judged Ms. Fry.

The Rodino bill and the state laws are both modest and compelling. They cover only the most essential expenses of often poor people who are, after all, as much victims of physical injustice as the nation's unemployed minorities are victims of economic injustice.

Cost estimates for these bills vary widely; they often rest on rather arbitrary assumptions about the number of victims who will apply for compensation. $40 million is the highest estimate I have found for the federal bill, which will in all probability match one-quarter of the state funds. Even if we extrapolate from this maximum, the highest estimate for the national cost of violent-crime victim compensation is less than $200 million, not a particularly large sum for the American legal system. At least $15 billion is spent on criminal justice in this country, of which at least 97 percent is used for "offender-related" activities. Carl Jahnke, Co-Chairman of the International Association of Crime Victim Compensation Boards, asks dyspeptically, "if these programs can fail for $15 billion, why can't they fail for $14 billion, so we can allocate the difference to programs that aid these offenders' victims?"

Mr. Rodino, architect of the House bill, stresses another reason for compensation laws: the restoration of faith in the American legal system. There is widespread alienation from that system, Mr. Rodino believes, and common observation proves him right. Thousands upon thousands of crimes go unreported each year, and those victims who do report crimes often refuse to testify both because of the arduousness of the proceedings and because of the pervasive belief that "justice won't be done." Vigilante groups have sprung up across the country to distribute their own brand of justice (most recently in Crown Heights,Brooklyn, where there is great friction between blacks and orthodox Jews), and audiences nationwide applaud the vengeful lynch mentality of such recent films as *Lipstick* and *Death Wish*.

This cynicism is a major impediment to the wheels of American justice. Unreported crimes and uncooperative victims and witnesses increase the chances that crime will pay. It is Mr. Rodino's belief that the prospect of compensation will spur more crime victims to cooperate with law enforcement agencies and, although he realizes the crime rate has broad socio-economic causes which compensation laws do not address, he hopes that by allaying middle-class suspicions that criminal justice means only justice for criminals, these laws will bestow on the American legal system that popular support without which it cannot function.

The National District Attorneys Association, aware of the

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problems crime victims and witnesses encounter in judicial proceedings, is making its own contribution to the pro-victim movement. The NDAA has established 133 units in 35 states to assist victims and witnesses who, in the words of one repentant prosecutor, were formerly treated merely as "pieces of evidence." These NDAA units explain legal procedures to victims and witnesses, provide transportation to and from court, supply babysitting services, and act as intermediaries between the victim witness and his employer. Nassau County District Attorney Denis E. Dillon sends free bus tokens to those witnesses who do not have automobiles and, for those who do, he has reserved some courthouse parking spaces after learning that many witnesses have received tickets because they couldn't find legal parking spaces. Mr. Dillon has also set up a special phone number for those witnesses who are threatened because of their testimony.

WHAT about the offender? Victim compensation holds out no hope for him; he is in fact justified to fret a little at this burgeoning compensation movement, which appeals to conservatives whose concern for the victim, though genuine enough, is often a positive way of phrasing their enmity for "soft" judges and "hard" criminals. But, at least in the area of restitution programs, concern for the victim may spill over into effective rehabilitation programs for the offender. Pilot restitution programs have been established in Minnesota, Georgia, Arizona and Iowa. "Restitution," in criminology, is reparations made by a (usually non-violent) offender to the person from whom he stole or whose property he damaged. Although this more personalized form of compensation has much to recommend it, it is not an answer to the problem of mass-victim compensation, simply and sadly because most criminals are not caught and convicted. Yet, restitution programs are a unique and growing device both for recompensing the victim and for bestowing on the offender positive feelings about his worth and a better-than-average chance of rehabilitation.

The Minnesota Restitution Center (MRC), founded in 1972, is the prototype institution. Only persons convicted of non-violent property crimes, and who have three or fewer offenses, are eligible. When the offender agrees to participate, he meets on a periodic basis with his victim to draw up a legal agreement stating the terms of restitution. After completion of this contract, the offender is transferred from prison to the MRC, a minimum-security facility. The MRC staff helps the offender find a job, and he gradually reimburses his victim from his weekly pay check. He lives at the MRC, and can attend therapy and counseling sessions conducted by the MRC staff. When the victim cannot or will not participate, the offender makes restitution to a "substitute victim," such as a hospital or charity.

The recidivism rate of graduates of the MRC program is eight percent, a remarkably low incidence in light of the 74 percent recidivism rate for all criminals in the United States. Although this percentage is based on a small number of cases, it is fairly easy to see why restitution may have this enormous reformative effect. Under restitution, the offender gets to know his victim and perhaps to empathize with him a little, and the payment of a debt gives the offender a sense of self-worth and of moving forward. Restitution is "a socially appropriate and concrete way of expressing guilt and atonement," explains criminologist Burt Galaway; it lowers the recidivism rate because it gives the offender a "clear sense of accomplishment as he completes concrete requirements." Also, there is none of the stultifying and alienating inertia of a jail cell.

And there are other advantages to restitution: the victim receives a personal and satisfying form of compensation; the offender can circumvent a stiff jail term; and the state avoids the inordinate expense of incarceration ($11,000 per year in New York). Cheap, rehabilitative and compensatory: restitution seems an ideal way to deal with crime.

Wherever restitution programs have been established, the reports have been glowing. Ms. Barkas notes that a restitution program in Multanomah County, Oregon, paid back $480,000 to crime victims in a year and a half and, in 1975, Colorado parolees paid back half a million dollars to their victims. The Iowa Legislature likes the idea of restitution so much that it passed a law in 1973 which *required* that restitution be made a condition of probation for all suspended or deferred sentences.

The desire to lighten the burdens on courts and prisons is a major impetus for restitution programs. In Great Britain, judges are authorized to sentence young adult offenders to 40-240 hours of unpaid community service in lieu of jail. In Arizona's Pima County, restitution is used as an alternative to jail for non-serious, first-time offenders. And throughout this country, "pre-trial diversion" is an effective tool used by police and prosecutors to avoid clogging courts and prisons. By arranging for young vandals, for example, to repaint the buildings or repair the windows they damaged, law officers insure that the victim is satisfied and that the offender is punished without recourse to official and expensive legal machinery.

But, because restitution is predicated on the arrest and conviction of the offender, it is, in Mr. Rodino's words, "entirely inadequate" as a method for the mass compensation of crime victims. To the extent restitution is feasible, however, particularly for non-violent offenders and for those on probation, parole, or suspended or deferred sentences, restitution is unambiguously ideal.

"Justice for Victims!" cried Ms. Fry in her seminal article on the London blind man in 1951. For a mixed bag of conservative and liberal reasons, thousands have taken up that cry in the United States. Revenge and frontier justice are two of the seamier motives: a New York vigilante group, for example, in a perverse reversal of the notion of compensation, is offering a $200 bounty to anyone who *kills* his assailant. But vendettas against criminals are only a minor strain in the pro-victim movement. More dangerous are the many conservatives who, championing the cause of the victim, studiously ignore or deny the cause of the criminal and the undeniable socio-economic roots of crime. And it is unfortunate that many liberals, con-

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cerned with the criminal's rights and the broad socio-economic forces which cause crime, often consider victim rights to be an ideologically dangerous cause to espouse.

But, if anti-criminal tendencies can be checked, this movement is worthy of liberal attention. Liberals can agree that victims are underrepresented without also accepting the implicit conservative notion that criminals are overrepresented. The violent crime victim deserves compensation because, being poor, he often *needs* compensation; and because he is, after all, a victim; and because the state has failed in its basic duty to protect him. An added boon to compensation laws may be the American public's restored faith and greater involvement in the criminal justice system. And if, through restitution programs, we can provide compensation, increase the chances for criminal rehabilitation, and lighten the burden on the criminal justice system, then so much the better. Crime victims have for too long been treated solely as pieces of evidence in American courtrooms. For reasons of equity and practicality, it is time for us to learn from Hammurabi the lesson that crimes against the state are, first and foremost, crimes against people.

A RETURN TO INTERNMENT? AN END TO 'ULSTERIZATION'?

Northern Ireland under Thatcher

JACK HOLLAND

THE COMING general election in Great Britain should bring a Conservative government to power under Margaret Thatcher. Ironically, the organization of Irish Republican terrorists which recently killed the Conservative party spokesman on Northern Ireland, Airey Neave, is looking forward to a Conservative success. Unlikely supporters of the Conservative party, it might be thought. But their attitude is one indication of the success of the present Labor government's Northern Ireland strategy, which reduced the violence there last year (1978) to its lowest level since 1970, and has precipitated a decline in support for the various violent groups. The militant Republicans—members of the Provisional IRA and other factions—believe that if a new Conservative government was true to the party's past record in Northern Ireland that decline might be arrested. Already many right-wing Conservatives have been advocating the reintroduction of internment without trial, which was phased out in 1975 by the Labor Party. Recently Margaret Thatcher—leader of the Conservative party—was speculating on the possibility of introducing capital punishment for "terrorist type" offenses.

The Provisional militants believe that such measures, were they brought in by the British, would lead to an upsurge of support for them among Northern Ireland's war-weary Catholics. Should their hopes be fulfilled, it would undermine several years of careful and often subtle Labor party maneuvering which has brought the paramilitaries in Northern Ireland to the point of desperation. But the policy of Harold Wilson, Labor Prime Minister until 1976, when he resigned, to become effective had first to dismantle the legacies of the previous Conservative government which had to tackle the Northern Ireland crisis when in office from 1970-74.

During that period the situation had developed from widespread civil unrest to open guerrilla warfare. This had happened partly as a result of the Conservatives' own policy which (under the influence of Northern Ireland Protestant Unionists) interpreted the troubles as being one gigantic IRA conspiracy. The social and political grievances that had created the crisis were forgotten.

The Conservatives tackled the violence of the Provisional IRA as they would any other complex colonial-type situation. When Labor inherited the problem after they won the general election in 1974, they found the fruits of the Conservative policy embarrassing. The greatest embarrassment of all was internment, which had been introduced in August, 1971. Hundreds of Catholics had been arrested and imprisoned without trial. Harold Wilson had called it a "recruiting sergeant for the Provisional IRA." When he came to power he determined to end it. Not only was it an emotive rallying point for the IRA, but it was an open admission that the kind of violence the British had to deal with was political, and could not be adequately dealt with by the ordinary courts.

The Conservatives might have been prepared to admit as much but Labor was not. As a party founded on social-democratic and socialist principles, they could not be seen to be engaged in an open colonial-type struggle. Their policy was to be dominated by two related concepts: "criminalization" and "Ulsterization." That is, they aimed to remove any political claims that the paramilitaries had to justify their violence, whilst at the same time diverting it away from confrontations with the British Army. If the first was to succeed then two

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things had to go: internment and Special Category Status, the second major embarrassment to the Labor Government. Special Category, or political status, as it is often called, was a series of privileges which were conferred on imprisoned members of paramilitary organizations. It included the right to wear their own clothes, extra food parcels, more visits and freedom of association, which meant the members of each organization could segregate themselves within their own compounds, where they were housed. Like internment, Special Category Status was an implicit recognition that the Northern Ireland violence was not primarily criminal. It also lent some credence to the imprisoned paramilitaries' claim that they were "prisoners of war." The Conservative government had granted it in 1972, after a hunger strike by a group of Republican prisoners.

Within six months of coming to power Wilson had taken the first steps toward achieving both "Ulsterization" and "criminalization" of the conflict. In late 1974 through intermediaries he opened up contacts with the Provisional IRA. By the beginning of 1975 a truce had been negotiated. Part of the arrangements was that the British would phase out internment in return for a guarantee from the IRA that they would stop attacking British soldiers.

There were other concessions, including the right of the Provisionals to run local offices or "incident centers," which their political wing ("Sinn Fein") hoped would give them a power base in the Catholic ghettos. IRA leaders were also permitted to move about openly without fear of arrest.

DURING 1975 the Labor strategy began to unfold. Apart from occasional "retaliatory" attacks the IRA had stopped killing British soldiers. Instead they were shooting local policemen and becoming increasingly involved in blatant sectarian attacks on Protestants. By the end of the year the Labor government's man in Northern Ireland, Merlyn Rees, could say that the violence was now more of a police matter, being mainly "criminal" in character. The IRA's involvement in a vicious Republican feud late in 1975 only emphasized the point the British were now tediously reiterating: these were not freedom fighters but gangsters. By December that year internment had ended.

However, Harold Wilson and Merlyn Rees were taking a gamble. There was always the possibility that the Provisionals would swell their ranks with released internees, regroup and launch another campaign; at the same time having gained some political credibility among Catholics by claiming to have ended internment. But the gamble paid off. The Provisionals proved less well able to conduct a truce than a war.

Being primarily militarists, they could make no political gains during the period the truce was in force. Their much vaunted incident centers, which many saw as the opportunity they needed to build up a solid political following in the ghettos, became publicity offices, and did little but issue statements. In the meantime they had begun to build something of a business empire in the Catholic areas, and became involved in running drinking clubs, garages and an assortment of shops and hotels. Many of their more politically conscious

members protested, and resigned. To many Catholics it seemed that the IRA's guerrilla army had become a mafia.

It was a significant indication of the Labor party's thinking that the year they ended internment proved to be one of the most bloody in the history of the Northern Ireland crisis. But the majority of the violence was sectarian and internecine: few soldiers died. The conflict was gradually becoming "Ulsterized," and the Provisional IRA's claims that they were waging a war of national liberation were being undermined.

Late in 1975 Rees took the next step toward "criminalizing" his paramilitary opponents. He announced that as from March 1st any member of a paramilitary organization convicted of an offense would not be granted political status, but would be treated like an ordinary criminal.

The paramilitaries, both Catholic and Protestant, threatened violence if Special Category was removed. The Protestant "Ulster Defence Association" (UDA) burnt buses the day before March 1st; the IRA started attacking and killing Prison Officers, and has continued to do so ever since. But it signally failed to rally any support from the Catholic population behind a political campaign of protest against the ending of the privileges. Significantly, the Catholics did not see it as an emotive issue.

This in many ways was a turning point in the Labor government's propaganda campaign against the Northern Ireland paramilitaries. If it succeeded in abolishing Special Category Status then an important plank in the IRA and UDA's political claims would be removed. Paramilitary prisoners would be treated like any other, and after a while, the psychological effect of this would be a bad blow to their morale and self-image. By any estimation the Labor strategy has succeeded. It has been almost three years since Special Category was abolished, and neither the IRA nor the UDA seems capable of forcing the British to reintroduce it.

BY 1976 the Provisionals were "criminalized;" their violence was no longer mainly directed at the British Army, which the Labor government hoped it could gradually withdraw from the front line, leaving the police in charge of security. "Ulsterization" would then be complete. But the key to this most important part of their strategy was the Royal Ulster Constabulary, a discredited force in the eyes of Northern Ireland's Catholics. It was important for the British to get the RUC back into the Catholic ghettos in some form. To do

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this their credibility had to be restored. From 1975 Merlyn Rees, with the backing of his government in Westminister, set about this delicate and difficult task.

Officers who had an obvious political past were not promoted. The old image of the RUC as a pro-Unionist, anti-Catholic force had to be changed at the top. An Englishman was appointed head of the force, and those who had made the most rapid progress under him tended to be young "professionals."

A certain amount of reorganization was begun to make the police more efficient. In August, 1975 a new squad was set up which has developed throughout Northern Ireland as the Regional Crime Squad. Detectives were recruited into it from all the other units, including the Special Branch—the political wing of the RUC. An English detective was put in charge of the Crime Squad's Intelligence Unit, and it was given access to information from all sections of the force.

The Crime Squad's task was to break the paramilitaries. Within 18 months it had mopped up one of the most powerful Protestant terrorist groups, the Ulster Volunteer Force, and had scored significant inroads into the Provisional IRA. However, in doing so it has provoked a storm of accusations about the ill-treatment of its prisoners—accusations which were investigated by Amnesty International, and found to be substantially true.

A significant stage in the changing security pattern in Northern Ireland was reached in February, 1977. At a secret meeting of police chiefs in Belfast they were told that as from that month the British Army would be under the control of the local police divisional commander. That meant he would have to be asked for authorization before the Army mounted any minor operations in his area. He could also instigate such operations at his own request.

Over the last year the RUC has been pushing slowly into the Catholic ghettos from which it was expelled nine years ago. In many such areas it now operates patrols and checkpoints without army assistance. This would have been impossible a few years ago. But it has not done so without considerable cost. Fourteen policemen were shot dead in 1977 by the Provisionals who have sworn that the RUC will not be permitted to gain a foothold in their ghettos. In 1978, the fatalities were almost as high.

IN SEPTEMBER, 1976 a new Secretary of State for Northern Ireland was appointed . Roy Mason took over the job—said to be the most difficult one in the British Cabinet—when Rees was promoted to a higher spot. He has continued the policy with effect. Under him the RUC's morale was further enhanced (in spite of growing allegations about its treatment of prisoners) when it successfully confronted a serious threat from the Reverend Ian Paisley and the Protestant paramilitary forces. In May, 1977 Paisley and the UDA called for a general strike against British rule in Northern Ireland. They attempted, by threats and intimidation, to stop Protestant workers from getting to work. Their own demand: tighten security against the IRA.

Many Catholics watched anxiously to see how Mason and the RUC would handle it. They remembered the UDA-inspired strike of 1974, which brought down the last Northern Ireland government because it had dared to include Catholics in it. During that crisis the British seemed powerless to act and the Protestant paramilitaries took over the state for nearly a month. Many thought the 1977 crisis would be a repeat performance.

However, Mason ordered the RUC to move against the Protestant roadblocks. They did, and the threat evaporated. The police have followed this up by a series of arrests of prominent Protestant paramilitary militants on a variety of charges.

The provisional IRA have meanwhile been trying to build up military momentum. They have started attacking soldiers again; in 1977 they killed 11. In 1978 the toll was 14. However, their violence is no longer a serious enough threat to make the Labor government change their so-far successful policy. Had they more military punch, they might inflict so much damage that the authorities would be forced back into using internment, thus starting the vicious cycle over again. But so far the Provisionals' campaign has been on a smaller scale than it was throughout most of 1971, '72 and '73. Their support has declined, their members badly hit by arrests.

The growing police presence in the Catholic ghettos and their increased responsibility for security is a prelude in the plans of the Labor party for a gradual withdrawal of the British Army. A new Conservative government this year could halt this process. It is a fact that many in the Conservatives' right wing want to see internment reintroduced. They argue it could now work on a more "selective" level than in 1971 when people were indiscriminately imprisoned although they were innocent of any crime or even Republican connection. Their beliefs are based on the assumption that police intelligence is much better now than in 1971, and that the IRA has little support left in the Catholic ghettos.

But they underestimate the provocative effect it would have on the Catholics. It would undoubtedly lead to large-scale confrontations between the Catholic population and the army which characterized the previous Conservative administration, and which did so much to swing support behind the Provisionals. Should the death penalty be introduced the result would be even more traumatic. The British would probably have a bloodier war on their hands than anything they have experienced so far in Northern Ireland. If the British under a Conservative government start hanging Irishmen again they will run the risk of arousing the now slumbering nationalistic instincts throughout Ireland.

A new community working for new forms of society in Southern Africa is building up a resource center of materials on social justice in the spirit of the Gospels. It appeals for sets of back issues of such journals as *Commonweal, National Catholic Reporter, Catholic Worker, Sojourners* and *Christian Century*. Address: J. E. Stewart, *Transformation*, Private Bay, Maseru, LESOTHO. (They can be sent by sea.)

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Nisan 5703

Thirty-six years ago a group of Polish Gentiles, helpless to provide any assistance, stood outside the burning Warsaw ghetto and recited the Mourner's Kaddish, the Hebrew prayers for the dead. "The memories are still vivid," writes the author. "This is the first time that I have been able to write them down."

BOGUMIL KOSCIESZA

"We do not build monuments for the just, their work is their memorial."

NINETEEN FORTY-THREE. Palm Sunday and my birthday. Receiving Communion at Our Savior's. The morning of Masses, the morning of rumors, the morning of whispers. All afternoon the rumors multiply. The evening comes, evening of the First Seder, Leyl Shimurim. Telephone from Mirek. "Have you heard? . . . Police like lice all around The Wall." I think of Leon. Think of Pessah three years ago. We were still together then. Leon and my brother Zygmunt getting into trouble. So what else is new? Leon's mother wiping her tears: no word from Reb Solomon since he left for the Soviet side. . . .

The days of the Holy Week come and go. Not rumors now. Now we know. . . . "Kleryk" wants to talk. "The Nazis are letting the people watch. . . . I hava a plan. . . . Will you join? . . . At the Law Courts."

Leszno Street. "Kleryk," "Inzynier"—their undergound names—Zygmunt, Mirek—I don't know the others. Get higher up on the steps. In front of us the Wailing Wall of Warsaw's Jewry. The ghetto is burning. A Megillah of flames and smoke is unrolled over the city: Powązki cemeteries one Aytz Chaim, the rod that supports this sky blackening scroll on the left; Tlomackie Square Synagogue its twin to the right. In between, the fighters and the meek, sopherim all, copiers of the Torah, "writing this song for themselves" with their lives. Did I see a gallows —corpses still hanging—set against the background of a church on the right? Or is it a specter of another nightmare, of another time? "They" do allow the people to watch.

No cantor like Sirota to chant El Mole Rachamim—just a minyan of goyim in front of "Kleryk" and "Inzynier"—their backs against a pillar on the left. This will keep prying eyes and ears away from them. The faint sound of their whispers barely reaches the outside rank of their human rampart. The steady drone of "Inzynier's" voice. The halting, sometimes disappearing murmur of "Kleryk": **YISGADAL V'YSKADASH SH'MAY RABO. . . . Let the Great Name of God be magnified and sanctified all over the world He by His will created. May He bring about His kingdom during the days of our life, and during the life of all the House of Israel, quickly, even soon. And all of you say: Amen.**

A spring day before the war. A group of fifth graders outside the "Skyscraper" on Napoleon Square. Going to see their Warsaw from its tallest building. A man in an overcoat—to us he looks old. Small beard. Strangely soft look in his eyes—shy, sad perhaps? A moment of recognition. Little heads leaning to each other. Whispers. "Stary Doktor"—the Old Doctor. We have read your books. We have heard you on the radio. You take us to the roof. You give us a tour of our city, which until now we thought we knew. The legends, the relics. "The Golden Duck," Vars and Sava, Zagloba's attack, the old churches and palaces.

Did you tell stories to your orphans on your last journey, Janusz Korczak? Your fame could have spared you. But "My children need me," you said, and you chose to go.

Here on the roof you seem not much taller than your listeners. Almost one of the children. Time to leave. A hand on my shoulder: "Remember me to your parents."

. . . Y'HAY SH'MAY RABO. . . . May His great Name be blessed for ever and ever. . . .

My father leaning over a Hebrew text. Reb Szmul and Reb Isaac. Forefingers pointing, stabbing the text. Excited voices. Shouting. Fist hitting an open palm, fist hitting a table. A ring at the door. Zygmunt runs to open it. Collides with the maid. Shouts: "It's Leon and his mother." You and Leon have brought a gift of mandel bread. You point at the gesticulating, shouting men, and laugh to my mother: "It's all right, they still agree!"

. . . YISBORAH V'YISHTABAH. . . . Let the name of the Holy One be exalted and honored. Blessed is He, Whose glory is greater than all the blessings, songs, praises, and consolations said in the world. And all of you say: Amen. . .

BOGUMIL KOSCIESZA, *a chemist and editor with a national professional organization, has written for the* Washington Post *and other publications.*

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September 1939. The bombing is continuous now. The Nazis have started saturation bombing of Warsaw. All the occupants of the apartment house crowd into the ground-floor inside hallway, some on the basement steps, some in the basement hall. My father in the loft, ready to throw off any incendiaries. I am getting more and more scared. The voices of women praying—saying their rosaries louder and louder as the bombs start falling closer. The terrifying shriek of Stuka bombers answered by the wailing of the children huddled up to their parents. A Jewish shopkeeper—more a peddler really—starts relating the comical adventures he has had trying to sell ice cream in summer and hot barley soup in winter at his booth in the Koszyki Market. We relax a little. He tells a few childishly off-color jokes and leads us in singing Warsaw "street songs." The panic recedes.

. . . Y'HAY SH'LOMO RABO. . . . May there be great peace from Him and life for us and for all Israel. . . .

First winter of the occupation. Leon, Jędrek, Zygmunt and I. Four boys: two Jews, two Gentiles. Their fathers a rich merchant, a newspaper editor, and a descendant of old nobility—three crazy men who thought it unpatriotic to hoard at the outbreak of war. I find a place on Nowogrodzka Street that has candles on sale. A rear apartment, hard by the Roma Cinema. We pool resources. Buy a few candles. Go out into Marszalkowska Street to peddle our wares. I have the longest legs, can run the fastest. With the profits of our first sales I buy more merchandise. We sell again. We all scream at the youngest, Zygmunt. We hear him say: "For you, sir, only . . ." and then give away the candles below our purchase price. We take some candles home. With our profits we buy bread and four bon-bons each.

. . . OSE SHOLOM BIMROMOV. . . . May he who created peace in the heavens give peace to us and to all Israel. And all of you say: Amen. . . .

Leon. Neither you nor Zygmunt could ever stay out of trouble. Your mother forever trying to protect the two of you from the rightful wrath of our fathers. I remember the time you two played King John Sobieski's Hussars defending Vienna from the Turkish armies. Long poles for your lances. You level your weapons and smash a crystal chandelier. You charge the Kara Mustafa's tent, and your mother's beautiful cheval glass falls victim to your warfare. I remember the time you learned from Zygmunt the Ash Wednesday prank of hanging *klocki* on unsuspecting strangers. You tried to pin herring bones on the back of your Rabbi, and, as always, got caught. But I also remember you in your living room, wrapped in your philacteries, rocking in prayer. You were preparing to be Bar Mitzvah when "They" herded you into the ghetto. I'll never know if you made it, Levi ben Solomon.

. . . V'IMRU OMAYN. And all of you say: Amen. . . .

A streetcar into the ghetto—one of the last before "They" stopped them. A banknote into the conductor's hand. Jump off. Dive into the cover of an apartment house gateway. Pull

on the armband with the Star of David. Slip out and mingle with the crowd. It's cold outside. I feel hot—almost burning. Is it just the extra sweaters I am wearing? Or is it fear? I see you in the street—a slight woman, stooped and suddenly aged. You cry out to me: "Bogus! They took my little Leon." Panic. Don't attract attention! Some women around you: "Quiet, Sarah." Men push me into another gateway. I rip off my coat. Pull off the sweaters. Remove long sausages of flour mother sewed up in fabric. A bag of fried noodles. Hand all to the men around me. Mind numb, blurt out: "For her and for Leon." Half pull on the coat. Rush out into the street. A Law and Order man round the corner. Panic again. Walk! Don't run! Close to a streetcar line. Off with the arm band. Jump on. Another bribe. Safe on the other side, jump off again and weave through the streets. Home—potatoes still in my pockets.

And again: **YISGADAL V'YISKADASH. . . . Let the Great Name of God be magnified and sanctified. . . .**

April 18th, eons ago. So long before the war. Am I nine, or am I ten? My birthday party. Your gift, Alinka. A heart-shaped box of candy. Ribbing from the boys. The party is over. You are the last to leave. Your governess talking to my mother. Two of us going into the hall. I help you with your coat. A quick kiss. We both turn red. You leave.

. . . Y'HAY SH'MAY RABO. . . . May His great Name be blessed for ever and ever. . . .

How old was I, Reb Abraham, when I asked you why you are always so happy, why do you sing all the time. Do I yet understand your answer: "Because He Is!"?

SH'MA YISROEL ELOHENU ADONOI EHOD. BORUCH SHEM K'VOD MALCHUSO L'OLOM VOED. . . . Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is One. Blessed is His Holy kingdom forever. . . .

For the memory of all of you, some already faceless shadows, some whose names I do not even remember any more, from a man growing old away from his country. May it be my Mitzvah.

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Screen

A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE

FAITH IN THE HUMAN FACTOR

IT'S easy to see why Jane Fonda took the lead role in *The China Syndrome*, and it has nothing to do with nuclear energy. Since her return to the screen several years ago, Fonda's only concern has been to provide a role model for other women. *The China Syndrome* follows suit where *Julia*, *Coming Home* and *California Suite* have led. The role Fonda plays in this film is Kimberley Wells, an anchorwoman on the news at a California TV station. She is doing a routine feature on a nuclear power plant when an accident occurs, and her cameraman (Michael Douglas) gets the whole episode in the plant's control room on film. She has been hoping to do hard news instead of features. Now she finds herself with a chance to break the story of the year. But her station, yielding to pressure from the power company, wants her to sit on the story.

The issue involved in Kimberley's role is obviously a serious one for the women's movement. On the one hand, women want prestigious, influential, lucrative jobs like hers; on the other hand, women also have to deal with the fact that hanging on to those jobs may mean compromising your ethics or even downright dishonesty. The station manager makes it clear that Kimberley has a great future at the station, *if* she doesn't "go off half-cocked" on the story about the nuclear plant and risk a law suit from the power company. Should a woman who is struggling to have a career repudiate the only people who can offer her one? What clearly concerns Fonda here is the personal crisis portrayed, and the fact that the issue is nuclear safety means no more to her than the fact that the career involved is in television news. The idea is to generalize Kimberley's problems, to see how her experience might pertain to any woman in the audience trying to gain a foothold in any American corporation.

Michael Douglas, who not only acted in *The China Syndrome* but produced it, has said that he wasn't primarily concerned with the issue of nuclear safety either. He only wanted to make a good thriller. To do that he and writer-director James Bridges have used the classic cinematic device of the crosscut story. They have created a second character whose life crosses Kimberley's in the course of the film and involves a crisis parallel to hers. He is Jack Godell (Jack Lemmon), the chief operating engineer at the power plant. The film neatly plays off Godell's experiences against Kimberley's. Her trouble is that she's too calm, cool and collected on television. As soon as the camera goes on, no matter how exasperated she's been, she instantly becomes the sort of ubiquitous TV personality whose manner reassures us that we live in the best of all possible worlds. Godell's problem is that no matter how clear and certain he is about the danger at the power plant, the minute the camera is turned on he dithers. He gets all tied up in irrelevancies and arcane technicalities. He counterpoints her vacuous authority with a TV presence that has no authority at all.

This corporate ditherer is the role that Jack Lemmon has always played. At first it was funny when the poor guy got caught in the snares and traps of the business world, as in *The Apartment*. But he couldn't take the pressure. It made him an alcoholic *(Days of Wine and Roses)* and eventually gave him a nervous breakdown *(Save the Tiger)*. In *The China Syndrome* Lemmon is still the kind of man who responds to a crisis by improvising the most unworkable solution. In *The Apartment* he tried to strain spaghetti with a tennis racket, and it was hilarious. But when he responds to the power plant crisis with the same mentality, it costs him his life.

Nonetheless, it is the human factor in which *The China Syndrome* finally attempts to place its faith. What is needed, the film ultimately implies, is just people who are more committed to their work than their job, people who are involved in their work enough to sacrifice their careers for it. When last we see Kimberley, she goes before the cameras at the power plant, and finds herself unable to speak. It's a sign of faith. She's finally overcome that unflappable professional she was trained to be. By permitting herself to be ineffectual in front of the camera as Godell was, she shows us that she has switched her allegiance from the network to the truth.

Godell's comparable moment comes shortly before this as he lies wounded on the floor of his own control room. "The vibration," he whispers when Kimberley bends over him. He means that he can feel in the very flesh of his back the irregularity in the plant's machines which he has been futilely warning the company was there. The words are scarcely out of his mouth when the plant is nearly shaken apart. This is the bottom line for *The China Syndrome*. What makes Godell the hero of the film is this capacity to be a human seismograph, to be so absorbed in his work that he can feel in his guts what all the monitoring devices and back-up systems might miss. What we see emerging in Kimberley afterwards, especially in a very hard-nose interview she does of one of Godell's colleagues just before she goes to pieces, is the same sort of instinct for her work.

Despite the disclaimers of the filmmakers, I think it's impossible now to set aside the issue of nuclear energy and deal with *The China Syndrome* as nothing but a thriller. As a morality play for women or corporate professionals in general, it may be both entertaining and right-minded. But using a matter of life and death like nuclear energy as a vehicle for pure entertainment is like trying to use the concentration camps that way. The vehicle runs over the subject it's supposed to be transporting. Such matters are too important in their own right to be used as mere metaphors. Because *The China Syndrome* shies away from the crucial issue involved in nuclear energy, it is in the end a bad film. The fate of Jack Godell suggests that if we'd only let the people who love their work do it honestly, everything might be all right. But the issue nuclear energy raises is what happens when even those sorts of people—truly

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bright, righteous, dedicated professionals—are wrong.

The plain, unarguable fact is that generating electricity with nuclear energy is madness. The potential temperatures of a nuclear reactor are in the range of 10,000° F, the temperature of the surface of the sun, a heat which the fuels used can reach faster than the human mind can make a decision. No matter how attentive and conscientious a Jack Godell may be, he's dealing with a force whose energy and rate simply put it beyond what a man can control. And generating electricity only requires heats of 1,000°-2,000° F. Trying to keep down to these temperatures an energy source with an uncontainable, excessive potential of 10,000 F. is like trying to push a thumb tack into a bulletin board with a pile driver. You're more likely to knock the wall down than get the tack in because the task and the instrument are disproportionate. The amount of force you're using is unnecessary, and dangerous. The enthusiasm for nuclear energy came out of "Atoms for Peace" back in the 1950s, when the military needed a public relations program to justify the billions being spent on the technology of bombs. Nuclear energy was a bad idea from the beginning, one whose only necessity lay in ulterior motives.

The accident at the Three Mile Island power plant in Pennsylvania makes it impossible to accept the implications of *The China Syndrome* where nuclear energy is concerned. Bizarrely, the accident in Pennsylvania was like the one in the film. Both involved the critical failure of a water pump. In the old days, Hollywood had no equal when it came to arranging publicity stunts. but this time, history has perhaps arranged a better one by timing the film's release to coincide with Three Mile Island. *The China Syndrome* will, I hope, make us think harder about what's happened in Pennsylvania.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Dance

TWYLA THARP

PAST VALUES IN A NEW VOCABULARY

THE IMPERSONAL pull of abstraction posed special problems for modern dance choreographers in the 1960s. They had inherited an art form which received its most powerful impetus from dramatically minded choreographers who matured artistically in the years between the two world wars. The work of these precursors was chronological in sequence and causal in relationships; and the movement techniques devised to develop such situations were saturated with humanistic concerns. The body was sturdily muscled, shaped into dramatically stressed movement designs and imbued with the emotional concerns inherent in male and female confrontations. Gesture had been purified of pedestrian casualness and made over on a highly theatrical and heroic scale.

All of these elements were challenged in the 1960s when "chance" occurrences demonstrated a pre-rational logic of their own that was anti-heroic and disquieting. Strict causal relationships were seriously questioned by a world that began to operate on instinct. The sequentially ordered chain of events did not seem as pertinent as the imprecise but evocative juxtapostion of occurrences. Inevitably, the technique of disciplined movement which had previously served so well was also questioned. Choreographers had to find new ways of moving that reflected the erosion of previous values.

To many, everyday gesture became an avenue of exploration. Others sought out athletic gesture associated with games, and Twyla Tharp seized upon the rough-and-tumble look of casual, almost throwaway, gesture joined with a reined-in variant of classical movement. She combined an "expressive" upper half of the body with a disciplined, though blunted movement through the legs and feet. The image resulting was that of the slender, poker-faced dancer, shrugging, twisting and slipping through space on surgically precise pathways with an almost mathematical sense of time. Music played little or no part in determining the rhythm of the resultant dances and was eliminated to a great extent, except as an occasional coloristic device. The dances moved along on a strict system of internal counts. Miss Tharp's work was variously discounted as sloppy imprecision, a species of robot gesture and/or a betrayal of all that gave vitality to theater dance.

Now in her fourteenth year of designing dances she has presented a season (at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in February) that contains all of her hard-won stylistic solutions but also reflects a new concern for musical warmth and even a sense of glamour. If the problem of the '60s was learning how to move coolly but honestly, the problem of the '70s is how to incorporate past values with the new vocabulary. As the leading choreographer of her generation, Miss Tharp has been conspicuously successful.

One of her favorite techniques has been to present works, such as the new "Baker's Dozen," which comment upon other dance forms—in this case social dancing—within the limits of her own squiggly style. No one has ever seen a ballroom tango such as the one she presents, but it is recognizably a tango—quoted extensively as well as commented upon. Traditional bravura dancing is pushed one step further and the mechanics of those seemingly effortless lifts which transport young women gracefully from one side of the stage to the other are revealed as the muscular feats they are. The piece unfurls in a rippling flow that has great wit and beauty in addition to a glance at the means of its realization.

The studied use of straightforward action and private comment, like the Shakespearian aside, is a device that courts audiences to enjoy the "inside" story as well as the surface presentation. The popularity of the technique is immediate and the humor has been communicated not only to audiences of her own company but to those of the Joffrey Ballet and American Ballet Theater, for whom she has also created works. Other new pieces from her season were more fragmentary and less satisfying. Her solo "1903" consisted of three short sections using music of the popular composer/singer Randy Newman, whose work, somewhat incongruously but entertainingly, em-

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braces both rebellion and down-home conservatism. The dances lacked the same tension, however, and seemed like friendly intruders in search of a context for full realization.

"Chapters and Verses" was frankly presented as a series of fragments from a longer work that may eventually comprise a full evening. These jottings appear to be an autobiographical survey of artistic epiphanies associated with popular music over time. A section called "Nursery" used cloyingly sentimental musical selections from the '50s television serial devoted to the Mickey Mouse Club, but the piece was sensitively shaped, particularly the solo for William Whitner. The final portions featured disco music and the exquisite Sara Rudner slipping and sliding tirelessly through its rather relentless beat.

"Three Dances from the film *Hair*"—the film opened in mid-March—completed the new work. It featured a tomboyish solo for Miss Tharp that was both feisty and graceful. Other portions had interesting stylistic touches such as a silent drill team arrogantly showing their manipulative rifle dexterity during a confrontation with "flower children." Again the fragmentary nature of the presentation worked against complete satisfaction.

After the surface cleanliness of the '60s when machine-made, hard, finished dances demonstrated the unsentimental rigor of Twyla Tharp's approach, these new pieces are further evidence of a desire for the human touch that strengthens her commitment to mainstream concerns. The unisex approach to male and female dancing in which each does virtually the same steps still exists. However, after the Mickey Mouse Club, can the romantic pas de deux, suitably modified, be far behind?

DON McDONAGH

LOVELIEST BREAKDOWN IN CONTEMPORARY FICTION

Malamud's lives

SAUL MALOFF

JUST BEFORE the astonishing end of Bernard Malamud's new novel,* William Dubin, the wounded, suffering but resilient, sometimes oddly buoyant central figure, having recently emerged from the dark night of his soul where it is always three o'clock in the morning and thickly overcast, is making his farewell to Fanny Bink, his mistress, as she might have been called in another country. Whether it is a last goodby we do not know, though with Dubin the worst is always possible. She has just made him a reasonable proposition, that he abide with her from Monday to Wednesday each week and with his wife from Thursday to Sunday. Dubin, fast approaching the far shore of sixty to her twenty-five, doesn't think his wife would "agree"; but at Fanny's urging says he might ask.

Not for the first time, she asks him why he stayed married to her all these years; and Dubin, a patriot of the state of marriage despite everything, explains: "It wasn't so hard. I'm a family man. We had kids we loved. I had my work to do. Conditions were good. There are other things." By now the affair has surged and lapsed on and off for years. The perplexed Fanny, hopelessly tied to an outmoded vocabulary, persists: "But do you love her?"; Dubin replies, as if the distinction were universally understood, especially by the very young: "I love her life"; and when without pausing to allow the small, decisive shift in terms to register she returns to the more familiar music and asks the immemorial question: "Do you love me?" Malamud silences Dubin, lifts the great weight from him, and replies in his behalf: "He said he did."

Every word and gesture in this ambiguous scene, and the brief consummating, obscurely moonlit one which follows it (a characteristic Malamudian stroke: the human complexities of the narrative held in suspension and compressed into a single lurid pictorial burst), is wide open to multiple understanding, none more so than Fanny's curtain line. As Dubin vanishes into the night, homeward bound, bearing an unexpected gift for his wife, Fanny throws open the upstairs window and shouts after him either as friendly advice or dire warning: "Don't kid yourself." Dubin is good at kidding himself, and his life taken as a whole offers no compelling evidence that he won't go on doing so; we must go on the assurance Malamud slyly embeds in the bibliography appended at the end, where we learn in a fast flourish that Dubin does indeed go on to complete his biography of D.H. Lawrence, which has tormented him throughout the novel, follows it in due time with an overview of his life's work, *The Art of Biography*, and follows that with a biography of Anna Freud, in the writing of which he is assisted by Maud D. Perrera, his estranged, sad, then presumably reconciled, beloved daughter.

For Dubin is by profession, inner necessity, iron fate, a biographer, a thief of "lives" come to the craft by way of composing obituaries for a newspaper. An "odd inward man," by his own account, "held together by an ordered life," he has "given up life to write lives," a way of both cultivating and resisting a powerful "inclination to a confined lonely life," an extension and acceptance, with a sense almost of grim, cold pleasure, of a melancholy, desolate, isolated boyhood and youth. Isolation is not only an essential condition of his work as a writer; it is his heart's desire: he plots for it, courts it, defends it zealously against the world's encroachments, including those of his wife and children.

**Dubin's Lives*, by Bernard Malamud, Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10, 362 pp.

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He sees it as his ideal state: necessity as freedom.

Yet at the same time Dubin is a collector of lives, a kind of necrophiliac, driven by a "hunger to live many lives," so long as they are both illustrious and dead. When he is not writing them (Lincoln, Twain, Thoreau), ransacking them for their secrets, he's reading them, feverishly, one after the other, a man "famished for lives" to provide what he himself feels he never had: a life, lives. In others' lives, as if "hunting for burning bushes on Sinai," he asks to discover "how men hold themselves together." The external evidence of his life tells a different story: an attractive wife, an adored daughter, a well-loved stepson, friends, an honorable career, a measure of celebrity—didn't Lyndon Johnson humbly ask Dubin, after the success of *Thoreau*, to dash off a biography of *him*?

But those are the externals, and that's not where Dubin (nor any other Malamud character) lives. Vigorous without, within he is sick-unto-death, dying of subjectivity; though spreading of girth, deep inside and gnawing on vitals there is a hunger-artist starved for a new life.

Into that, as if summoned, walks Fanny, of an age with his own daughter, violently alive, adrift in freedom, a true believer in a new life daily, more often when possible, and despite her tender years richly experienced. Inanition has set into Dubin's marriage; his work has not been going well of late; his thinning hair reminds him, as if he needed reminding, of the perilous decline; in short, the stage is set. Moreover, as if his inner life had been telling him something he isn't sure he wants to know, he has plunged from that most chaste observer of minute changes in season, Thoreau (Malamud's own minute observations of the New England landscape are superb—a revelation), to that electrically-charged field of force, Lawrence, than whom, as everyone supposes, there can be no wronger subject for Dubin. But Dubin knows what they do not, his inner life; blood calls to blood; he knows he has not so much "picked" his subject as been picked by it: there's something, Dubin believes, Lawrence wants him to know. And what better mentor than Fanny who already knows more than Frieda's boy ever found out.

Dubin responds to Fanny's call inordinately, with the whole of his clotted, repressed, buried life, exploding the bonds of his "ordered life," swept by his most powerful emotions, those of longing, yearning, loss, remorse, jealousy—emotions Fanny, given as she is to the immediate enactment of impulse, can't possibly understand. Serially cuckolded even before the fact, as he will be after, and the principle of order collapsed, Dubin breaks down: his marriage, his work, his life, his very sanity, all a shambles. Try as he may to restore order to his life by returning to accustomed ways, nothing avails.

The crackup, the slow, steady, implacable, hour-by-hour dismantling of a disciplined life provides the best sustained writing in the novel, quite the loveliest and most convincing breakdown in contemporary fiction, save for Dubin's second episode, which is even more scalding. No tricks, nothing omitted or scanted: vintage Malamud written straight from the heart out of that absolute integrity which is his distinguishing mark as a writer. Where another writer would have escaped behind a screen of evasive tactics, Malamud meets the dramatic, narrative, scenic requirements of his unfolding tale head-on, detail by relentless detail, all vividly imagined into full life. And so with the disintegration of the marriage: the temperature descending from tepid to freezing, the subterfuge, lies and deception; the slights, injuries, indignities; the small irritations absurdly magnified; the unceasing little quarrels about nothing at all which are really about everything unspoken, the abrasions of a lifetime.

With Fanny, Dubin is in full regalia all the time, especially but not only when they are in bed thrashing as in one scene, to the choral bang and soaring of "Eine Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott." But how long does this last? Life isn't Bach only; it isn't even all Mozart; there's Mahler too, the long, slow passages between outbursts. Fanny is no mere convenience, amiably manufactured by a companionable novelist for his aging hero as a just reward for work well done; she's a woman in her own right, an entirely believable if sometimes nutty one. What she wants, she wants; but not on any terms. Humiliated by a near-discovery in the very act by Kitty Dubin, she leaves Dubin again; and if he's desolated by the abandonment we must exult, for it results in the great literary riches of his nearly terminal breakdown: a mesmerizing dissolution of the susceptible biographer.

With Dubin's children Malamud is not quite so authoritative. The deeply estranged, greatly troubled stepson, a Vietnam wartime deserter (from Germany) to Sweden, is given one unhappy scene and then virtually disappears from consciousness. Dubin asserts his love for him but the youth, understandably, is not quite persuaded. When the youth reappears (via a smuggled-out letter) it is as a disenchanted operative for the KGB in Moscow, who sees the error of his ways and wants out—a dismaying and uncharacteristic piece of sheer melodrama. Moreover—and this *is* a gratuitous gift too generously bestowed on Dubin by a kindly writer, possibly in recompense for old and future losses and the scars he bears—the stepson's feelings toward his mother and Dubin have mysteriously clarified in exile, out of the range of our surveillance, and we must take on faith alone, and against the evidence, that he is once again the dutiful and loving son of his early boyhood. Shocking news in hand, Dubin puts it out of his mind and returns gladly to Fanny's bed.

Maud, the daughter, is another matter, though here too one wishes we had seen more of her, and of father and daughter together. Dubin's declarations of love for the marvelous girl unhappily entangled in an affair with a man "old enough to be her father" (in fact somewhat older than Dubin, and black to boot), as at moments she seems old enough to be Dubin's mother, or at least his wife, are powerfully moving, a harrowing cry of the heart—provide indeed some of the novel's most beautiful bursts of pure feeling. But Malamud lets her go too quickly: a pregnant Maud, returned from

SAUL MALOFF, a novelist and critic, is a regular contributor to *Commonweal* and other magazines.

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Berkeley with the glad news, abruptly leaves the parental house to go off to New York to have her baby and there's an end of it: out of sight, out of mind . . . until she crops up as her father's future collaborator in a bibliographical note, a happy ending a bit too facilely achieved, another gift for Dubin.

Sooner rather than later, we feel sure, Fanny will be gone from Dubin's life—another "life" appropriated and transmuted into nurturing memory; married no doubt, probably to a dull dog of a local librarian, her faithful swain, who will by virtue of his youth and persistence outlast all of Fanny's Dubins; and Dubin will go back to Kitty and the state of marriage from which he has episodically exiled himself, and will receive a full amnesty, few questions asked. The Lawrence biography will receive a respectful press on the whole, though a few surly sorts will ask why we needed another one (an objection which Dubin anticipated), and only two of the horde will see in the blood-spattered pages the evidence of the titanic life-and-death struggle waged there. Both will see that Dubin triumphed in the end, one calling it a qualified victory, the other a Pyrrhic one. Dubin's brilliantly-argued thesis, in *The Art of Biography*, that all good biography is essentially imaginative literature—fiction—will elicit howls of protest in the academic journals, and the full assent of those same two critics who will wonder how anyone could have missed this self-evident truth, while tendering gratitude to Dubin for establishing it (they will hope) once and for all. Once again, as with his Lincoln, there will be much head-scratching when his *Anna Freud* appears but one of the same loyalists will guess that Maud, a young widow and herself a respected psychotherapist and author of influential papers in the field, turned her father onto the great man's celebrated daughter. Between books, Dubin will take much joy in his gifted, tawny grandson, teach him Yiddish and color his English with the miraculously expressive American art-song which Dubin derived from it, fill his head with income Jewish jokes and other very sad stories, and once a year take him to visit, and there pay homage at, the gravesites of the boy's paternal grandparents.

And then back to work, unremitting work, Dubin's true and abiding passion, consuming, imperious necessity and indissoluble marriage, the work of creating "lives" out of that disorderly, bad novel, the world. For work, not love (which is, as Dubin reflects, "a means of making a useful assumption about another person," one of the "good conditions" of work, a contingency), work as motive justification, redemption and salvation, the supreme personal vindication and sufficient repayment of all grievous losses, including the final one, the work of composing enduring lives stroke by stroke against the heaviest odds—work is the essential subject of Malamud's most ambitious and richest novel.

Books: BRILLIANCE, DEFIANCE, AMBITION

AMERICAN CAESAR:
DOUGLAS MacARTHUR, 1880-1964

William Manchester

Little, Brown, $15, 793 pp.

Kenneth S. Davis

"HE WAS A GREAT thundering paradox of a man, noble and ignoble, inspiring and outrageous, arrogant and shy, the best of men and the worst of men, the most protean, the most ridiculous, the most sublime."

Thus does William Manchester begin his masterful full-length portrait of a man, perhaps the most gifted with natural military talent of all the generals America has produced, who all his life long aroused in myriads of beholders extreme and opposite emotional reactions. And both classes of reaction—that of hero-worship, that of villain-hating—would seem in retrospect to have been abundantly justified by objective fact. No American general served his country more greatly than Douglas MacArthur in his purely professional capacity; none other made greater blunders; and none other became, through the compulsions of an imperious nature, so great a threat to our free institutions. Franklin Roosevelt deemed him in 1932, " the most dangerous man in America" (Huey Long was the "second most dangerous"), meaning that he was, of all men, the most likely to become an American Mussolini.

He was very much the son of his father, the brilliant, famous, always highly controversial General Arthur MacArthur. In his 'teens, Arthur MacArthur became one of the authentic heroes of the Civil War, the youngest breveted colonel in the Union Army. He was again a national hero in 1898 (and after) as Major General MacArthur commanding U.S. forces in the Philippines. The brave act which brought him his initial fame, however, was also an act of insubordination; and so were the acts which brought his career to a close. His shining heroism was somewhat tarnished in the public eye when he refused to obey civilian authority in the Philippines and was consequently removed from his command—but he remained the perfect hero in the eyes of his youngest son, Douglas, who emulated him in every respect, including (or especially) arrogance and chronic insubordination.

Yet Douglas MacArthur was also very much his mother's son. She, daughter of a Virginia cotton broker, raised in the "charm" tradition of the Southern belle, was hard as nails beneath her manifested "soft" femininity. She was utterly ruthless and endlessly (often foolishly) conniving in her pursuit of ambitions realizable only through Douglas after her hus-

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band's career went into decline. Her strong-willed driving ambition was infused in her son during his formative years, and she stuck to him like glue thereafter.

Thus, when he entered West Point in 1899 his mother followed him there—as Franklin Roosevelt's mother followed him to Harvard, as Adlai Stevenson's followed him to Princeton—establishing herself for four years in a hotel below the Academy "Plain." Her maternal possessiveness had divisive effects upon his relations with other women: his first marriage ended in divorce because of "maternal interference," according to the divorced wife. Not until she died, age 84, in 1935, when her son was 55, did he marry happily—and his second wife, née Jean Faircloth, was a woman of whom his dying mother had approved.

Yet no more than young Roosevelt or Stevenson was young MacArthur a sissified "mamma's boy." At West Point he won his "A" on the baseball team, managed the football team, became First Captain of the Corps (the highest possible cadet rank), and graduated number one in the Class of '03, having made what remains the third highest academic record in Academy history.

The career thus begun is well-known history.

His path to glory led through the "police action" against Mexico in 1916; brave, brilliant service in France during World War I as colonel, the brigadier general in the 42nd ("Rainbow") Division, which he helped organize; the superintendency of West Point in the early 1920s; an unprecedented double-stint as Army Chief of Staff (the youngest in history) in the late '20s and early '30s; the organizing top command of armed forces for the newly created Philippine Commonwealth (he was made Field Marshal after resigning from the U.S. Army) from the mid-'30s until Pearl Harbor; the supreme command of Allied forces in the South Pacific, then northward as the Allies advanced, in World War II; the amazing service as Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers (SCAP) during which he was in effect the autocratic ruler of Japan and imposed upon it the spirit and forms of American democracy; and, finally, the command of United Nations forces in Korea.

It was a career as brilliant as the man who made it, but flawed as he was flawed in ways so fatal that to liberal minds they make his faults more memorable than his virtues, his failures more memorable than his triumphs.

His solid accomplishments as Chief of Staff, for instance, are overshadowed in historic memory by his needlessly brutal use of troops against unarmed unemployed in Hoover's Washington of 1932. His series of strategic masterpieces in the South Pacific, where his mastery of the indirect approach (the long "end run"; the swift, surprising flank movement) classed him with the greatest captains (Marlborough, say, or Lee), are discredited by remembrance of the lying, self-glorifying communiqués through which he generally reported them. His triumphant operation at Inchon (the greatest of his "end runs") is overshadowed by his gross miscalculations of Communist China's psychology and capabilities, whereby the initiation of nuclear holocaust was risked. And the whole of his career is darkened by the acts which closed it—his repeated defiance of the authority of the President of the United States, in Korea in 1950, by which he threatened the very foundations of constitutional democracy.

Always the root of his trouble was an overweening egotism and wilfulness and ambition, conjoined with basic psychological insecurities. Histrionic and paranoid, living an anachronistic dream of Power and Honor and Glory so intensely he almost made it come true on important occasions, he was the self-appointed star of a self-conceived drama of pure Good vs. pure Evil—a drama so distortive of his perceptions of objective reality that it ultimately incapacitated him for his role as soldier of democracy.

Such a man presents highly difficult challenges to any serious biographer of him, but William Manchester rises to them triumphantly in this meticulously researched work. His psychological interpretations are generally acute and persuasive, his historical judgments generally well-informed and balanced. He is a master of both descriptive and narrative prose—a supreme master, I would say, of what might be called participatory prose, in that the reader is at once caught up in it and carried along by it, as if he himself took part in the events described. He has written a notable book which may well stand up, permanently, as the definitive biography of MacArthur.

The nuances of inner experience

FEELINGS:
OUR VITAL SIGNS

Willard Gaylin, M.D.

Harper and Row, $10., 223 pp.

John N. Kotre

A CONSIDERABLE amount of psychotherapeutic energy is being devoted these days to getting people "in touch with themselves." Apparently numbers of us have erected a wall between "me" and a strange area of inner experience that could not possibly be "me." The malaises created by the barrier are varied. At one extreme, the alien within instills a fright for which we know no reason. At another, it becomes so aloof that we seem, deep down, to be hollow.

Despite its capacity for terror, therapists promise that contacting this "other" is salvific. If only we knew who we *really* were, if only we knew what we were *really* feeling, we would become "self-actualized" or "fully functioning." In the past decade, therapeutic technology has striven to connect us with inner feelings by turning up their volume. Through nonverbal exercises, physical contact, the acting out of fantasy in the presence of a group, individuals awaken dead emotions and "re-own" feelings they have projected outward. It is curious that no therapist has observed that, in the long run, excessively loud stimuli damage the hearing apparatus. The continual blare of high-decibel emotions may eventually deafen.

Psychiatrist Willard Gaylin would

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have us get in touch with ourselves, but his approach is far quieter. It is cognitive: we know our feelings better not by experiencing them more intensely but by naming them more accurately. Humiliation is not shame, is not embarrassment. Jealousy is not envy. Boredom is not ennui. In *Feelings* Gaylin offers a lexicon of almost classical labels for the nuances of inner experience. A field guide to the alien territory beyond the inner wall, the book deliberately bypasses the worn landmarks of sex and aggression and steers us to the small passions of everyday life: feeling upset, feeling tired, feeling proud, feeling good, and so on.

Many of Gaylin's observations are as everyday as his subject matter. His knowledge of psychoanalysis is diluted with so large a measure of good sense that the book doesn't *seem* profound. But there are subtleties one finds oneself mulling over: "Feeling touched is the response to the unexpected bonus; feeling hurt is the result of the entitlement not received." "To feel used is to feel that our services have been separated from ourselves." "The only true antagonist of envy .. . is identification. Identification involves fusion of fate and feeling. As envy separates us from our fellows, identification joins them to us."

Excerpts from *Feelings* have already appeared in *Psychology Today* and the *Atlantic*. *Atlantic* got the better of it, a chapter paying tribute to guilt, an emotion that "serves the noblest, most generous and humane character traits that distinguish our species." Guilt, says Gaylin, is not shame—an equally painful and beneficent emotion—for shame requires an audience while guilt precludes an audience. Shame is public agony over wrongdoing; it "retreats into privacy for repair." Guilt is just the opposite: private agony that wants exposure, that needs expiation, that hopes for absolution but will accept punishment. Hester Prynne in Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* experiences shame, but her partner in adultery, the Reverend Dimmesdale, suffers silent guilt. For weal or woe, both emotions protect the interests of the collectivity, shame in homogeneous societies, guilt in heterogeneous ones like our own.

Though Gaylin fails to do justice to guilt as a religious (as opposed to a psychological) experience, his positive emphasis sorely needs to be heard. Popular psychotherapy wants nothing to do with the cleansing cycle of guilt, confession, and forgiveness. It believes that to feel guilt is to be encumbered, to confess is to crawl, and to forgive is to set oneself up for the next blow. Guilt interferes with the breaks we must make as we climb our separate ladders of self-fulfillment. A mechanism that benefits the communal, guilt is out of place in a psychological mythology that is consummately individualistic.

> *We live in an age that seems to worship candor. Of all the virtues, candor has always seemed to me (with the possible exception of humility) the least attractive. The need to be not merely honest but to impose your awareness of the truth on others is more often an act of violence and aggression than the generous sharing of knowledge that it purports to be.*
>
> —Feelings

In other work, Gaylin has argued for containment of the individual, for "putting it back where it belongs" instead of "letting it all hang out." What right do I have to litter the environs with my emotional garbage? he asks. At a time when self-assertive models of health are the vogue, he has the courage to praise the restraints implanted by shame and guilt. His praise is a minor theme in *Feelings*, but it calls for further development. Why do most of our psychological guides think it so unhealthy to meet the expectations of others, to sacrifice "me" for "us?" Is untrammeled self-expression the concern of the actualized or the cry of the desperate? Reaching the alien within may be salubrious, but what of the alien without?

Theology in the face of a scandal

CONCILIUM: 104
"THE POOR AND THE CHURCH"
Alois Müller and Norbert Greinacher
Seabury, $4.95

CONCILIUM: 105
"CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIALISM"
Jean-Pierre Jossua and Johann Baptist Metz
Seabury, $4.95

Arthur F. McGovern

OVER the past ten years the *Concilium* series has served as a gauge for the most important theological issues of the day. At an international level, the issues raised in these volumes unquestionably reflect pressing, major concerns. How significant these issues have become for U.S. Christians and theologians is less certain. Does the presence of only one North American theologian, Gregory Baum, among the thirty contributors to both volumes suggest a relative unconcern about these issues, or does it simply reflect the European origins of *Concilium*? One can hardly fault the Christian groups and theologians who have tried to awaken us to issues of world hunger and the poor in our midst. But the number who have raised the "structural" question of the connection between poverty and monopoly capitalism still remains small.

The growing influence of Third World theologians, on the other hand, is quite evident in these two volumes. One-third of the authors are from Third World countries, primarily from Latin America. Their contributions, moreover, are the best in both volumes. The opening essay in *The Poor and the Church* perhaps explains why.

Writing on the church and world hunger, Fernando Bastos de Avila insists that if we are to find a solution to hunger we must see it not simply as a problem but as a "scandal." To solve a problem requires imagination and reason. "A scandal requires the exercise of an impassioned imagination, of shame, for its elimination."

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Passion alone does not produce good theology nor good church policy, and liberation theologians have been accused in the past of lacking self-criticism and criticism of Marxist ideas. But, to paraphrase Kant, if passion without critical reason is blind, reason without passion is sterile. The best of the Latin American contributions, it seems to me, contain both reason and passion.

Gustavo Gutierrez is a case in point. His essay on the poor in the church repeats basic themes enunciated in his *A Theology of Liberation:* "Human history is where we encounter the Father of Jesus Christ," and the history in which God reveals himself "must be re-read from the viewpoint of the poor." History must not only be re-read but *re-made* in the light of a gospel which proclaims liberation in Jesus Christ, liberation which uproots all injustice and exploitation and brings friendship and love. But Gutierrez realizes that the "exciting and enriching" liberation hopes of a few years past must be soberly redirected to harsh new conditions without loss of hope.

Ronaldo Munoz draws an insightful distinction between two models of the church: "The great institutional church" and "the communications-network church" with its sociological and cultural center in the world of the poor. He makes this distinction not to direct a polemic against the institutional church but to spell out ways in which these two might interact.

Hubert Lepargneur, from Brazil, in what is possibly the most significant essay in this book, offers the most practical suggestions on how the church should relate to the poor. He rejects a simplistic view that the Church should simply divest itself of all wealth. "It is difficult for the gospel message to reach certain areas without considerable material and human resources." But the church must challenge the secular norm of "efficiency" of investment and decide how its possessions can best serve the poor. His reflections on poverty as a witness are also insightful.

The best European contributions are those of Sr. Aquinata Böckmann on the New Testament's views of the church's attitude to the poor and Fr. Chenu's discussion of Vatican II's statement on "the church of the pooor."

Christianity and Socialism certainly contains enough good essays to recommend it, but it is somewhat disappointing overall if one is looking for a thorough, balanced appraisal of the issue which the book addresses. The volume contains several "informative reports" of Christian socialist movements and of church reactions to socialism in several countries. Giuseppi Ruggieri discusses the history of Christian socialist movements in Italy and then focuses on the Italian Christians for Socialism and their uses of Marxism. Gregory Baum reports on the history of church reactions to socialism in Canada, distinguishing between Catholic and Protestant positions, and between English- and French-speaking sectors of the church. Philippe Warnier discusses "The Catholic Hierarchies of Western Europe and Socialism." (One wishes that he had addressed instead one of the issues he so forcefully and insightfully treats in his *Marx pour un chrétien.*) Fernando Castillo offers a brief essay on the origins of Christians for Socialism in Chile. The most interesting report is Michael Traber's discussion of African socialism in Tanzania and the uncertain responses of the hierarchy to it.

Three western European authors take up the issue of class struggle. But none spells out systematically the key questions involved, and none addresses the important distinction between class struggle as a method of analysis and as a strategy of action. Matias Garcia-Gomez does point us to important writings on the issue (by Jean Guichard and René Coste), and Kuno Füssell clarifies misinterpretations of Marx's use of class struggle. But Rudolf Weile simply reviews numerous authors on Catholic social teaching to warn against naive acceptance of Marxist methodology.

Two of the three essays on socialism in Eastern Europe draw rather negative conclusions about Marxist-Leninist socialism and its attitudes toward religion. Both stress how Marxism-Leninism became a "state ideology" in Russia, an ideology safeguarded by the

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authority of the Communist Party which viewed religion not merely with indifference but as "socially harmful."

The Latin American contributions again prove the most stimulating and rewarding. In "The Latin American Bishops and Socialism" Ivo Lesbaupin describes the evolution in the social thought of many Latin American bishops. They began with a heightened awareness of mass poverty and social injustice, then moved to a recognition of capitalism as a root cause of these problems, and some now openly espouse "democratic socialism" as an alternative closer to Christian principles. The final essay by Ignacio Ellacuria provides a good summary statement of the main theological arguments for a theology of liberation.

If this volume serves as a worthwhile introduction to the complex problems of socialism and Christianity, it also betrays the editors' own realization of the incompleteness of the treatment when they speak of "all the topics that are missing." Priority might have been given to several important topics: the evolution of the church's teaching on private property; Pope Paul VI's *Octogesima Adveniens* and recent church declarations about Marxism/socialism; the areas in which socialism and Christianity seem to converge and the points on which they appear to conflict; appraisals of the possibilities for a democratic socialism and of tactics. One hopes the editors are correct when they conclude: "The theme will certainly return, even more urgently." Theological trends and interests can quickly change. But the "poor and the church" and "Christianity and socialism" are issues not likely to fade, and issues that a Christian conscience should not allow to diminish in importance.

CAREER OPPORTUNITY

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In brief

THE EIGHTH SIN, *by Stefan Kanfer, Random House, $8.95, 288 pp.*

This is a haunting, virtuosic and wonderful novel about a Rumanian gypsy boy named Benoit, a survivor of the Holocaust, and his intense struggle to escape the evil torment of his nightmarish history. It has the prime virtue of being able to invoke an epoch, emotionally as well as intellectually, through the intimate portrayal of an orphan, then as an adopted son, and finally as the distressed father of a foster child.

The title refers to Benoit's conclusion at the end of the novel that the eighth and deadliest sin is "the sin of forgetting;" specifically, forgetting the Holocaust. Meanwhile, to Benoit, Holocaust is "a nothing category; a eunuch of a Word," hopelessly insufficient for describing the devastating experience of a generation.

The novel ranges through England, continental Europe, the United States and the Caribbean, in a style uniquely adapted to the bizarre existence of the protagonist, and is parceled out under chapter headings of the Seven Deadly Sins. The strongest of the seven for Benoit is wrath—which in the context of the novel is transmuted to revenge—and it provides the force that both propels the narrative and allows him to endure. Driven by revenge, Benoit hunts Eleazar Jassy, a Gypsy Kapo who collaborated with the Nazis, and has never been brought to justice.

The other characters in this novel are gargoyles of a sort, avatars of the sin of incompleteness, broken by history and impaled on the spikes of their own shattered dreams. There is Max, Benoit's stepfather, a leftist academic; Risa, his stepmother, an artist; Mordecai, an old Jewish carpenter who speaks in proverbs; Otis Hall, a black juvenile delinquent; and Benoit's wife Inger, a beautiful dissipated folk singer.

Stefan Kanfer, presently book review editor of *Time* magazine, and the author of *The Journal of the Plague Years*, about the political witch hunts of the 1950s, has given an admirable performance in this, his first novel. *The Eighth Sin* deserves to be read. Lest we forget.

PHILLIP CORWIN

Correspondence

(Continued from page 226)

tarian pacifists should, to accept the shelter to be found under the umbrella of ecclesiastical pluralism. For is not it a purist, sectarian stand to hold to just war theory even under the shadow of nuclear war? To defend just war in this extreme case is to say, "fiat iustitia, ruat caelum," as surely as any pacifist.

In his *Just and Unjust Wars*, Michael Walzer argues that, though deterrence may be morally defensible by reason of necessity, every opportunity must be taken to deliver nations from the awful moral dilemma of nuclear war—to threaten to bring on nuclear catastrophe in order to avoid that very doom. What is true of citizens and political leaders should be true *a fortiori* of the church.

Arguments from extremity create the misperception that intentions are shadowy insubstantial things. Though the threat to use nuclear weapons is meant to be perceived as a real threat, the "deterrence/non-use" posture—Hehir's own stand on nuclear deterrence—makes it seem as if nuclear war were only a mere

REVIEWERS

KENNETH S. DAVIS is the author of a two-volume study of Franklin D. Roosevelt, *FDR: The Beckoning of Destiny* and *FDR: The Years of Destiny*.

FATHER ARTHUR F. McGOVERN, S.J., an associate professor of philosophy at the University of Detroit, is writing a book on Marxism and Christianity.

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mental possibility political leaders entertain from time to time and not a political dynamic with its own momentum. The threat and the intention to carry out the threat are (privately, not publicly) divided. The effect is to hide from ourselves the intention implicit in the threat.

The problem, of course, is that despite double think, the threat is very real. Indeed, I would argue that it is more like a disposition than a simple intention. It involves the development, procurement, and deployment of intricate and massively destructive technologies, the application of many of the country's sharpest minds, and the expenditure of an enormous portion of our public wealth.

Such a mobilization of national strength for total destruction would be justifiable, it seems to me, *only if* some comparable collective effort were made to establish countervailing motives of restraint in public institutions. In the case of individuals, certainly, the conscious development of a destructive cast of mind, training in martial arts, and acquisition of weapons, would be regarded as evidence of evil fundamental option, were there not compensating virtues as well as alleged justifying goals for the pattern of action.

Take the protagonist of the movie *Taxi Driver*. Saving a child prostitute justifies neither the basically destructive disposition this character creates for himself nor his wanton use of force. So, too, with nations. Even justified armament, in the absence of deliberate tendencies to restraint, leads to a destructive posture, which is immoral, because it is increasingly prone to do what it has been made ready to do.

The morally objectionable point in just war defense of deterrence and arms control is located in the split it sanctions between publicly declared intentions and private moral judgment. It is not as much the noble lie which is objectionable as it is the impact of repeated assertions of a nuclear will on public expectations and public policy.

Reiteration of nuclear determination might not bring on a nuclear war, but it does create public expectation that everything will be done to see a nation will be able to wage one. The programs and policies based on that expectation will, however, increase the potential for destruction. Thus, public assertions of nuclear will create a vicious cycle in which it becomes politically impossible to escape this extremity as morality demands.

It is because consequences and intentions ought to cohere that I think the administration ought to receive support for SALT II. President Carter declared in his inaugural his intention of working toward the elimination of nuclear weapons. His subsequent decisions on the B-1 bomber, the cruise missile and the neutron warhead, and more recently his announced intention of observing the terms of SALT II if Senate ratification fails, have shown him willing to take initiative for disarmament that most American politicians would never dream of. Indeed, it is hard to think of a postwar leader who has shown equal restraint.

Under a different administration one could possibly oppose SALT II as an arms control charade. But Carter's record shows a consistent pattern of limiting arms development, and a willingness to take limited strategic risks, and not-so-limited political risks in order to hasten an end to nuclear armament. It is most unlikely nuclear pacifists will again find a political leader so attuned to their goals.

The decisive reason for supporting SALT II, then, is that it fits into a pattern of actions on the part of the administration which give evidence of the sincerity of the President's intention of loosing the nuclear-bond.

Church strategy should do far more for disarmament, however, than just back the administration on this issue. Contrary to Father Hehir, it should above all resist letting the public debate define its view of the issues. For too long American foreign policy debates have been shaped by the hawkish outlook of a vociferous faction. If it supports SALT II, the American church should do so, urging, as Pope John Paul II did recently, that "audacious" moves be made for peace.

The United States Catholic Conference ought to go further and educate American Catholics and the public at large to their obligation to eliminate the need for nuclear weapons, and the attendant responsibility for supporting the institutions of peace. Without such a strategy, even if the U.S.C.C. supports SALT II, the American church will fail in its own teaching function in an area where Americans bear perhaps their gravest responsibilities as citizens.

(REV.) DREW CHRISTIANSEN, S.J.
Woodstock Theological Center

Selective quotation

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: While I agree with Father Hehir's qualified endorsement of the SALT II treaty and disagree with Bishop Gumbleton's position on this matter, I think the Bishop made his point rather effectively.

Frankly, however,I am puzzled by the selectivity of his supporting quotes from papal and other church documents and, more specifically, by his failure to quote paragraph 82 of *Gadium et Spes* which reads in part as follows: ". . . everyone must labor to put an end at last to the arms race, and to make a true beginning of disarmament, not indeed a unilateral disarmament, but one proceeding at an equal pace according to agreement, and backed up by alternatives and workable safeguards."

In citing paragraph 82 of *Gaudium et Spes*, I am not trying to score points, as college debaters are frequently wont to do, by playing off one authoritative quote against another. Nor do I mean to suggest that *Gaudium et Spes* has infallibly said the last word on arms control. My only purpose in citing the Council document is to express my own wonderment as to why Bishop Gumbleton seemingly attaches great importance to his other quotes while completely ignoring this one—which, in view of his own quite legitimate support of unilateral disarmament, strikes me as being more directly pertinent to the subject under discussion than any of his other quotes.

Here's hoping that the Gumbleton-Hehir debate in *Commonweal* will have the good effect of opening this whole matter up to a free and frank discussion in the Catholic community.

(REV. MSGR.) GEORGE G. HIGGINS
Secretary for Special Concerns
United States Catholic Conference

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An inadequate beginning

Alexandria, Va.

To the Editors: From their answers to the question: "IS SALT II worth supporting?" I think both Bishop Thomas J. Gumbleton and Father J. Bryan Hehir would agree that the SALT II treaty will not end the nuclear arms race between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. However, Bishop Gumbleton fails to make his case against ratification of the SALT II treaty. As Father Hehir points out, defeat of SALT II would not contribute to the process of disarmament. The consequences of not ratifying the SALT II treaty would be worse than the consequences of ratifying it.

On the other hand, Father Hehir also fails to make a convincing argument that ratification of SALT II is "imperative." The more one reads about it, and the more one hears government officials talk about it, the more it seems that the importance of the SALT II treaty has been exaggerated. SALT may be a process with a history and a future as Father Hehir says. But at the current rate of limiting nuclear weapons, there is a greater probability that a nuclear holocaust will occur before the goal of disarmament is reached.

Despite SALT I, U.S. defense spending has increased significantly, and U.S. arms sales abroad continue unabated. I would presume that the same is true of the USSR. Based on these indicators, SALT has not had a salutary effect on the wider arms picture. World disarmament remains an absolute necessity. As long as huge arsenals exist, there will be a temptation to use them. Moreover, there is a growing belief that a nuclear war would not be so devastating as originally was thought; millions of people within the U.S. and USSR could survive a nuclear war between the two nations. Even if this thesis is correct, I hope and pray that it never is tested. There can be little doubt that a nuclear war would signify the failure and destruction of civilization as we know it.

SALT II may be the best treaty presently possible, but it is inadequate. Part of the blame for its inadequacy rests with national governments and international organizations. The nuclear arms race is a multilateral problem, rather than a bilateral problem, and it must be tackled with a greater sense of urgency by the entire world community. Indeed, some of the difficulty in achieving superpower arms limitation, I believe, stems from the very fact that it is a bilateral process in which negotiations are conducted with one eye on each other and one eye on potential enemies and would-be superpowers.

Part of the blame for the weak SALT II treaty also rests with the churches. Clearly, the religious community should work for a world consensus in favor of abolishing all nuclear weapons. If, by some miracle, Right-to-Life advocates and advocates of tuition tax credits for non-public schools would make the same kind of commitment to halting the wasteful and dangerous arms race, more stringent arms control agreements might be reached. By using our resources to alleviate world hunger rather than to produce weapons of mass destruction, the world would be a much better place for all God's children—the born and the unborn alike.

ANTHONY J. DISTEFANO

Gospel truth

Memphis, Tenn.

To the Editors: If we accept the principle that Father Hehir establishes in his defense of SALT II we are guilty of comparing apples to oranges. The 'too little' and the 'too much' position which he tries to establish gives him a safe, secure basis from which to build his arguments. It ends quite philosophically in agreement, not in arms limitations, but in building towards arms equality. We are being asked to support black for white.

Is nuclear deterrence in its concept and its actualization into mighty armaments consonant with the Gospel value as outlined in Matthew, chapters 5 through 7? Does it fulfill the explicit, oh, so explicit command, 'to love'? This is the Pax Christi position, not a 'too little position.'

Pope Paul told the United Nations: "If you want to be brothers, let the weapons fall from your hands. You cannot love with weapons in your hands." And the significance for the 'nuclear deterrent concept' are his following words: "Long before they mete out death and destruction, those terrible arms supplied by modern science foment bad feelings and cause nightmares, distrust, and dark designs." Paragraph 23 in the United Nations address enlarges the danger and pleads for disarmament within the United Nations as the beginning of the family of nations.

Again, Father Hehir goes against his expressed desire for a pluralism in Catholic positions when he represents officially the United States Catholic Conference before the Congress as favoring SALT II.

(MOST REV.) CARROLL T. DOZIER
Bishop of Memphis

Beyond the viable

Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the Editors: Paying customary tribute to the desire for nuclear disarmamament, J. Bryan Hehir characterized SALT as "a necessary process which is presently the only politically viable method of reversing the arms race." Nuclear disarmament, itself not a politically viable option, is not the goal of the SALT process. Even if it were, time and moral concerns demand new approaches which may not be politically viable in order that governments may more quickly redirect their concerns to the well-being of their peoples.

So long as there exist weapons, there exist the threat and possibility of their use. . . . I applaud Bishop Gumbleton's strong moral statement. . . . A moral basis for a global political culture that discourages the possession and stockpiling of weapons of mass destruction must be provided to help prevent further proliferation.

PAUL MAZUR

Perpetuating illusion

Boston, Mass.

To the Editors: First let me congratulate you for publishing the exchange between Bishop Gumbleton and Father Hehir. As a member of Pax Christi's Executive Council, needless to say, I am more per-

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suaded by the arguments of the former, but it is important that both positions be presented and discussed.

It is unfortunate that Father Hehir's otherwise carefully reasoned argument seems to miss the crucial point of Pax Christi's decision not to actively support the SALT II proposal. It is not as rigidly a perfectionist stand as he seems to suggest. Instead, it is a refusal to undertake any share of responsibility for perpetuating the false illusion that the treaty's approval would represent a substantial advance toward the desired goal of control and elimination of nuclear weapons.

Whatever slight gains may be anticipated are greatly outweighed by the "permissiveness" it implies with respect to a policy of "mutually assured destruction." It is false and unfair to suggest, as Father Hehir and other critics of the Pax Christi position do, that we offer no alternative to what is likely to be an escalation and not to a slowing down of the race toward nuclear annihilation. It is our belief that the most appropriate policy for us and other Catholics is that set forth in a lengthening series of papal pronouncements and Vatican statements calling for condemnation of the arms race in all its forms and proposing an honest and meaningful start on nuclear disarmament. Whether this is to be accomplished through modest unilateral initiatives or, preferably, through agreements keyed to the objective of disarmament rather than control, the church's influence ought not to be dissipated through support of so dubious a substitute as SALT II.

Father Hehir's article touches upon the two arguments usually proposed in the treaty's favor. On the one hand, there is the familiar "lesser evil" argument which stresses the dire threats of catastrophic consequences certain to result from a refusal to accept and support the treaty. Quite apart from the fact that it should not be the place of Christians to support any evil, "greater" or "lesser," this argument blurs the fact that the world is already in a catastrophic situation, caused in large part by the type of policy and planning SALT II, in effect if not in professed intent, will perpetuate and ratify.

The other argument which would prefer "half a loaf" to nothing is not much more compelling. There is, in fact, nowhere near "half a loaf" to be gained—at most the treaty offers a few moldy crumbs. To accept these is to confess that Christians lack persistence, if not sincerity, in their commitment to true disarmament and peace. Pax Christi's objections to the treaty do not reflect a pragmatic calculation to be balanced against that advanced by organizations like the Committee on the Present Danger to strike a prudent and happy medium in support of SALT. It is, on the contrary, based on moral principles alone and deserves to be considered in that context.

GORDON ZAHN

The M.A.D. mentality

Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors: Bryan Hehir presents what I would term a secular argument that although SALT II is not the ideal treaty, it leaves an opening for further negotiations. This is a step backwards from peace instead of forward towards peace.

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To me, the very fact that nations have progressed to the point where they have arsenals of defense, which, if employed, would undoubtedly extinguish mankind from the face of the earth, is utter lunacy. I understand that behind the SALT talks is a mentality that employs a concept of Mutually Assured Destruction (M.A.D.); both countries would be wiped out regardless of who took the offense. I find the initials M.A.D. appropriate. SALT is talking and thinking in terms of madness and its many derivitives; insane, senseless, furious and illogical. . . .

A treaty that does not entail definite aspects of disarmament now is only shifting the timing of the recurring crises to a later date.

JEROME J. ROY

The alternative of hope

Richmond, Va.

To the Editor: It is said that bishops generally support bishops in public forums. This letter is no exception! I was one of those who endorsed the statement of "Americans for SALT II" at the suggestion of Father Brian Hehir. I withdrew my support after the Pax Christi Board Meeting in December. There Bishop Thomas Gumbleton and others outlined the terms of SALT II.

In his article, Father Hehir states that the pacifist and the "mutual assured destruction" advocates are the two extreme positions. He then tidily argues that moderation, i.e., SALT II, is the middle position and the only safe stance since SALT II supposedly deters excessive escalation, brings some arms reduction, makes SALT III a greater probability, and promotes the cause of peace rather than increasing the danger of "mutually assured destruction."

I think that this is a "straw" argument with a fundamental flaw in its logic. If SALT II is the first step in a process (it's interesting that SALT I isn't considered the first step in the process), then it is a process heading in the wrong direction. If there is a probability of nuclear war before the end of the century, then *any* increase in nuclear weaponry, no matter how slight, increases the probability of holocaust and, therefore, does not achieve the claimed goal of starting us down the road to disarmament. The only way of reducing the probability of war is to reduce the stockpiles of armaments immediately. To argue that we have to increase weapons in order to decrease weapons is a circular and losing argument.

Hehir's "lesser of two evils" (SALT II's controlled escalation of arms) argument does not appeal to me. Was this not the argument for Vietnam? In the light of the Gospel I cannot acquiesce to the existence of nuclear weapons. I cannot equate "first strike" or "mutual assured destruction" with Christian moral principles. Hehir states that SALT I and II are based on the "political" realities of deterrence, national security and the balance of terror. These "political" realities are based on the fundamental distrust, suspicion and fear that exists among the major powers. To argue that we must give precedence to the "political" realities is to say that our Christian values of trust and justice which call for a reality of peace, disarmament and mutual respect and cooperation are impossible to achieve. To make that argument is to deny our Christian convictions.

Pax Christi, unlike other religious groups, will not add its name to the support of SALT II. By its courageous and prophetic stance, it has chosen more than any other single organization to bring religious concerns to public scrutiny. Both the opponents and proponents of SALT II are extremes of one and the same position—the continued existence of nuclear weapons and growing inevitablity of guaranteed nuclear destruction. It is Pax Christi's position which is our hope. That with the help of God an alternative to mutual assured destruction can be found.

(MOST REV.) WALTER F. SULLIVAN
Bishop of Richmond

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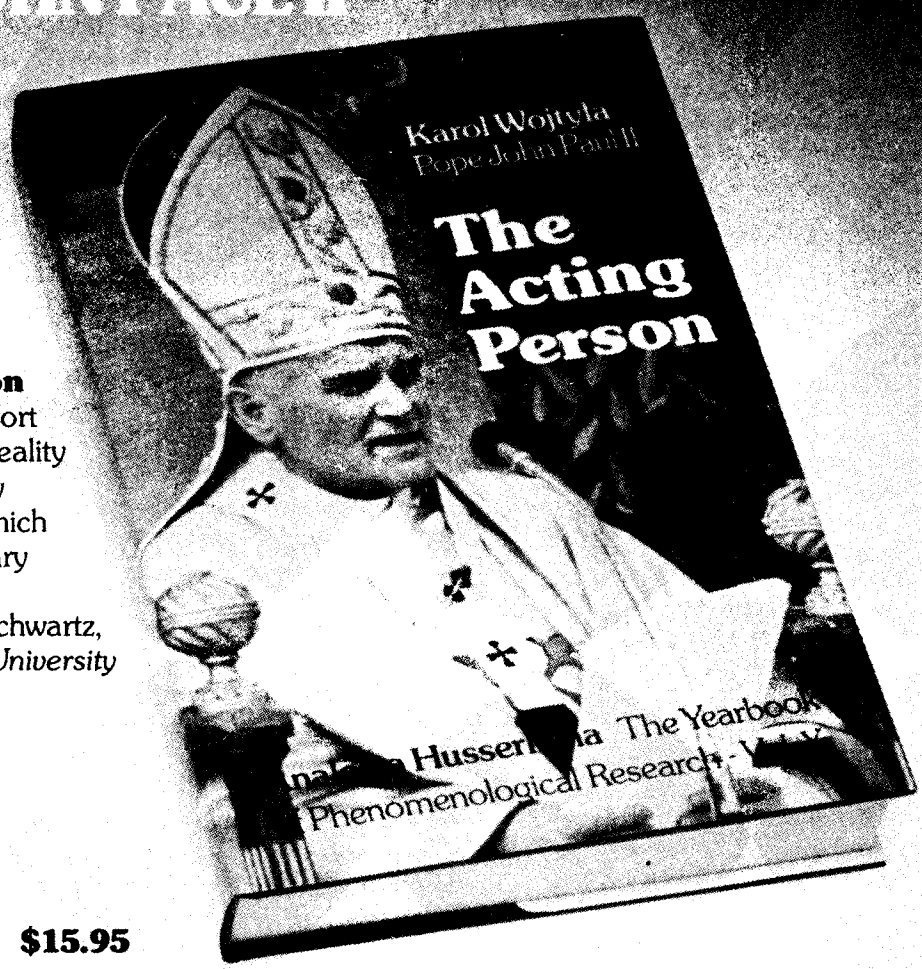

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